THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLI No. 1845 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — JUNE 1 1935

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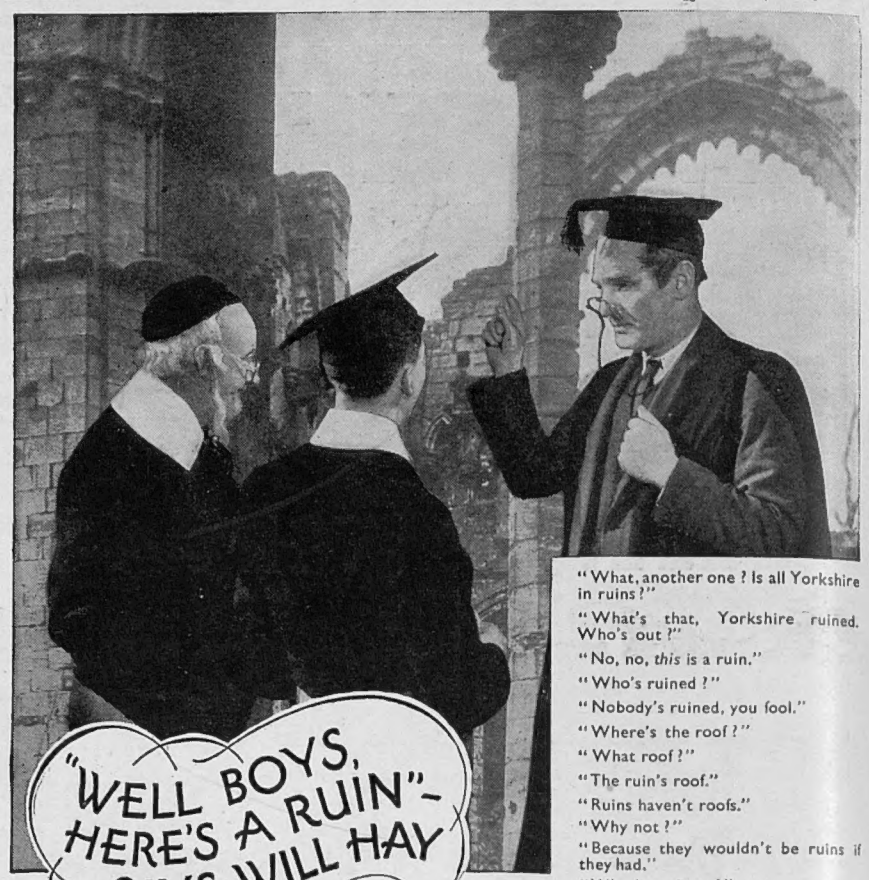

"WELL BOYS, HERE'S A RUIN"— SAYS WILL HAY

"What, another one? Is all Yorkshire in ruins?"
"What's that, Yorkshire ruined. Who's out?"
"No, no, *this* is a ruin."
"Who's ruined?"
"Nobody's ruined, you fool."
"Where's the roof?"
"What roof?"
"The ruin's roof."
"Ruins haven't roofs."
"Why not?"
"Because they wouldn't be ruins if they had."
"Who lives here?"
"The monks used to live here."
"Monks! Is it a Zoo?"
"No, no, no, not those monks."
"Well, you said monks."
"Shut up!"
"A bit draughty, isn't it? Who did you say lives here?"
"Nobody."
"I don't blame 'em."
"Who?"
"Nobody." "Why don't they pull it down?"
"My boy, a sensible person would never ask such a foolish question."

We all agree with Will Hay in his last answer at any rate. Eastern England is surpassingly rich in beautiful mediæval remains . . . the Abbeys of Fountains, Rievaulx, Jervaulx, Byland, Crowland and many others. They stand amid lovely scenery and it would be difficult to think of a more fascinating holiday than to visit these exquisite memorials of an age that is past.

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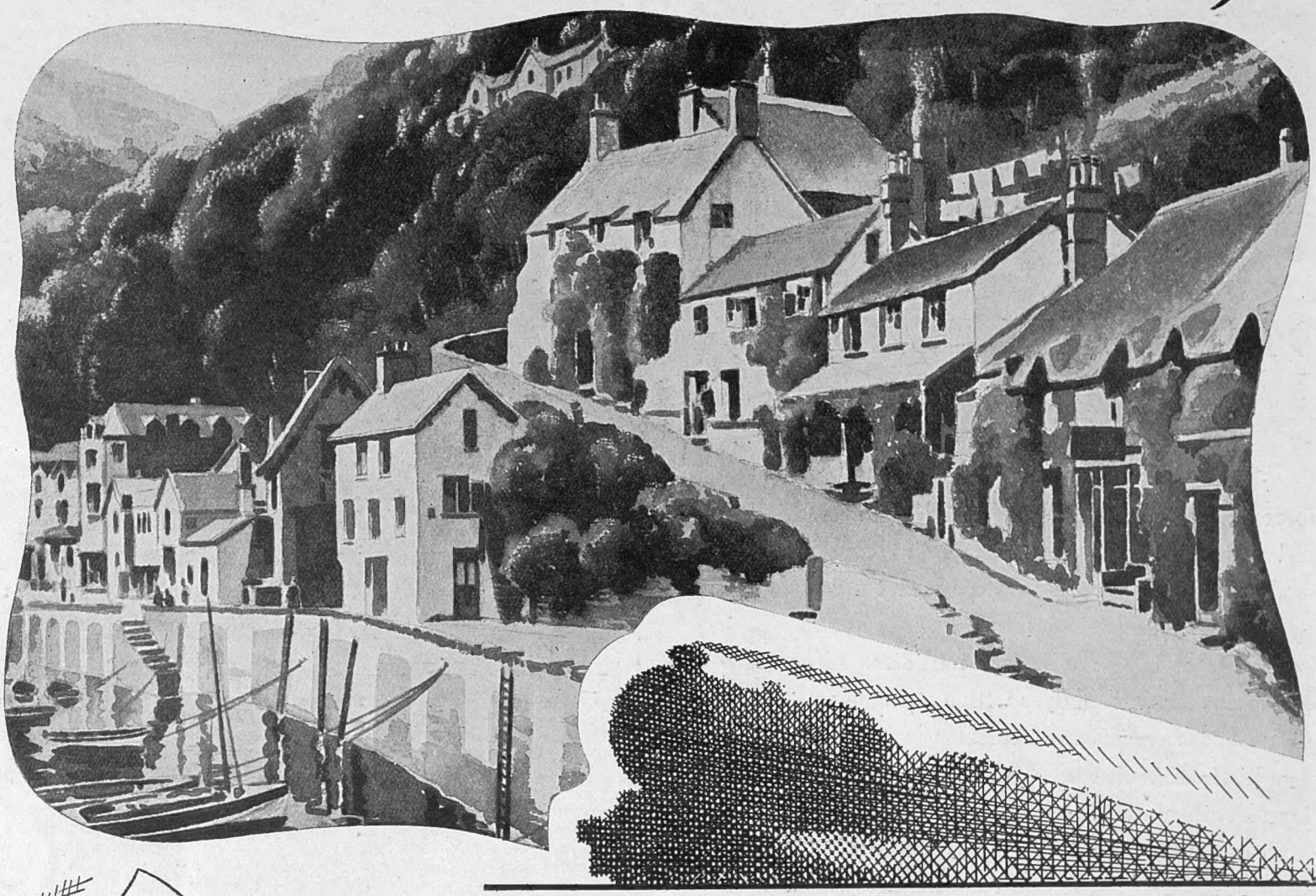

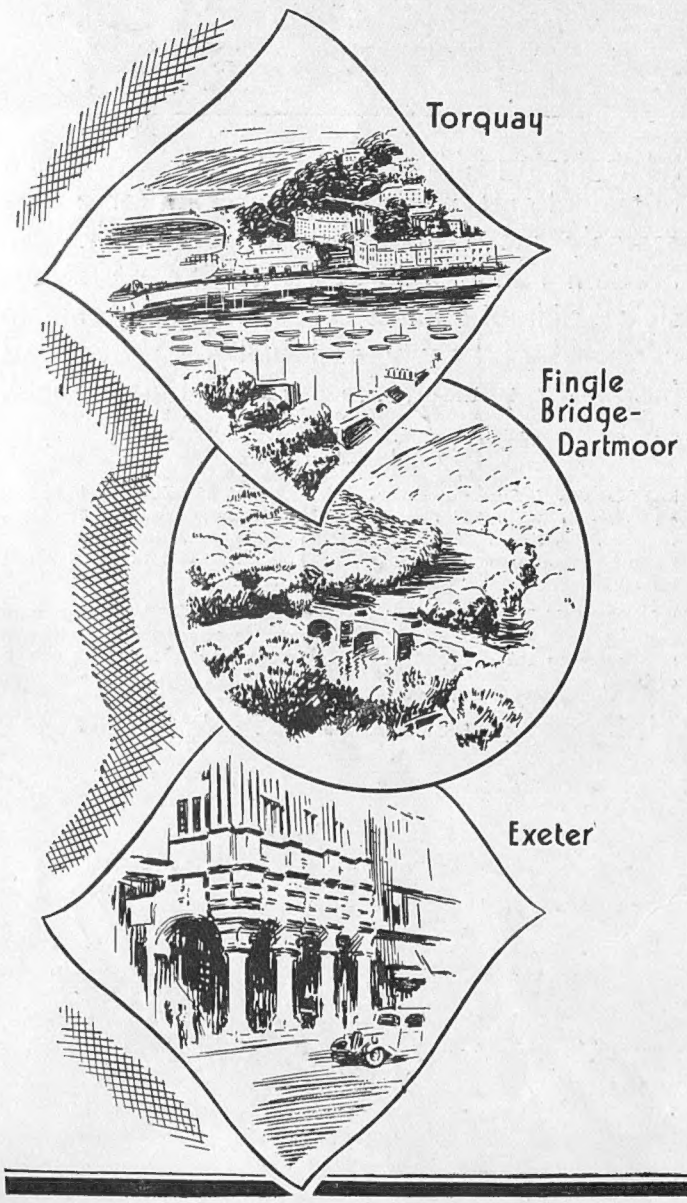

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WHEN YOU GET THERE

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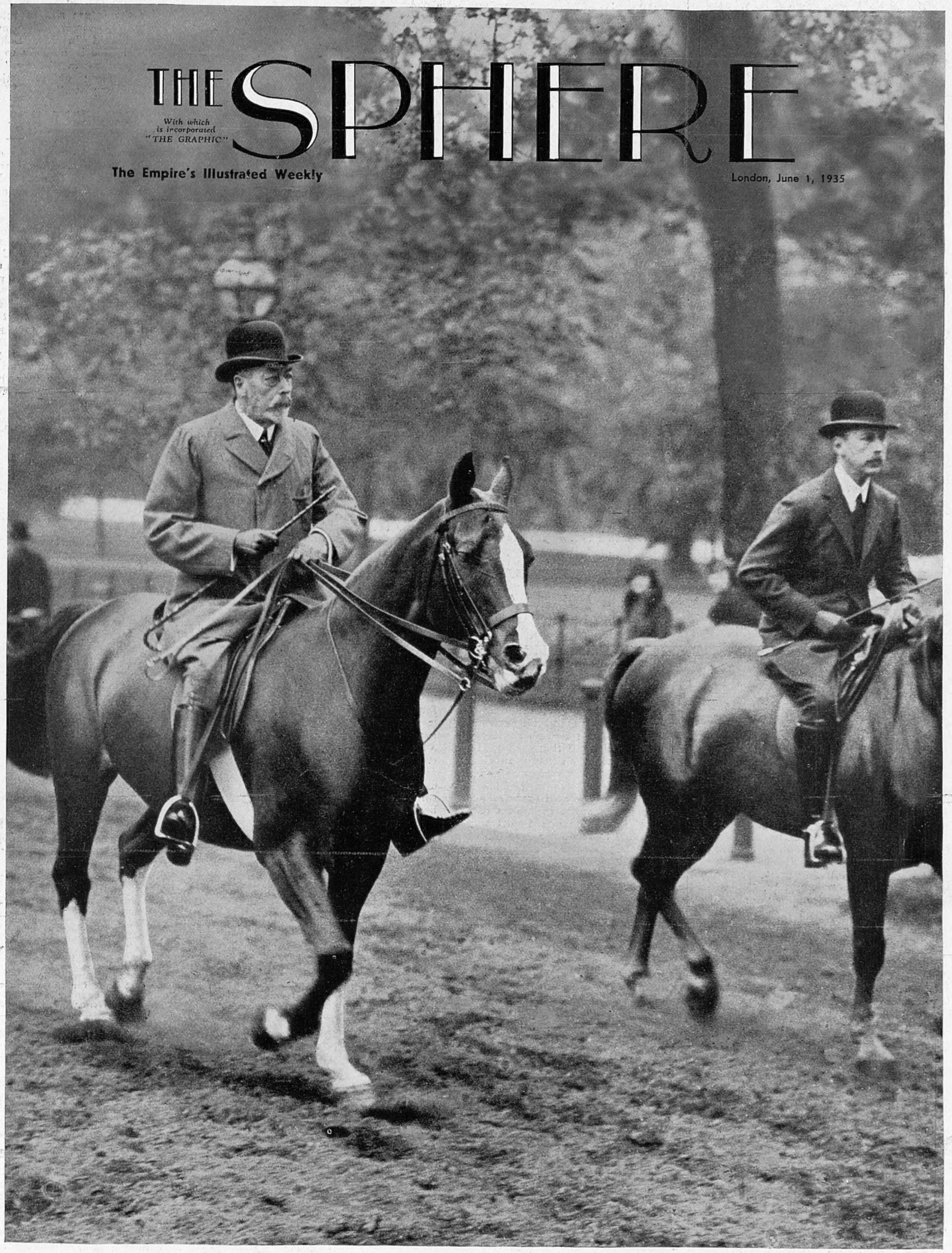
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, June 1, 1935



The King in the Row

His Majesty's First Ride in Hyde Park this Year

The King, in spite of the many and arduous duties he has had to perform during the opening weeks of the Silver Jubilee celebrations, is in excellent health—a fact which everyone noted who saw him a few days ago on his first ride in the Row this year. His Majesty has a big programme before him and on Monday next, his seventieth birthday, he will be present at the annual ceremony of the Trooping of the Colour on the Horse Guards Parade. On June 8 he will make the fourth of his ceremonial drives, this time through West London; and on three days in July he will review the Army, the Navy, and the Air Force. In addition he will attend, as usual, many of the numerous sporting and social functions which follow one another in such swift succession during the summer months and which combine to make the London season the most brilliant in the world

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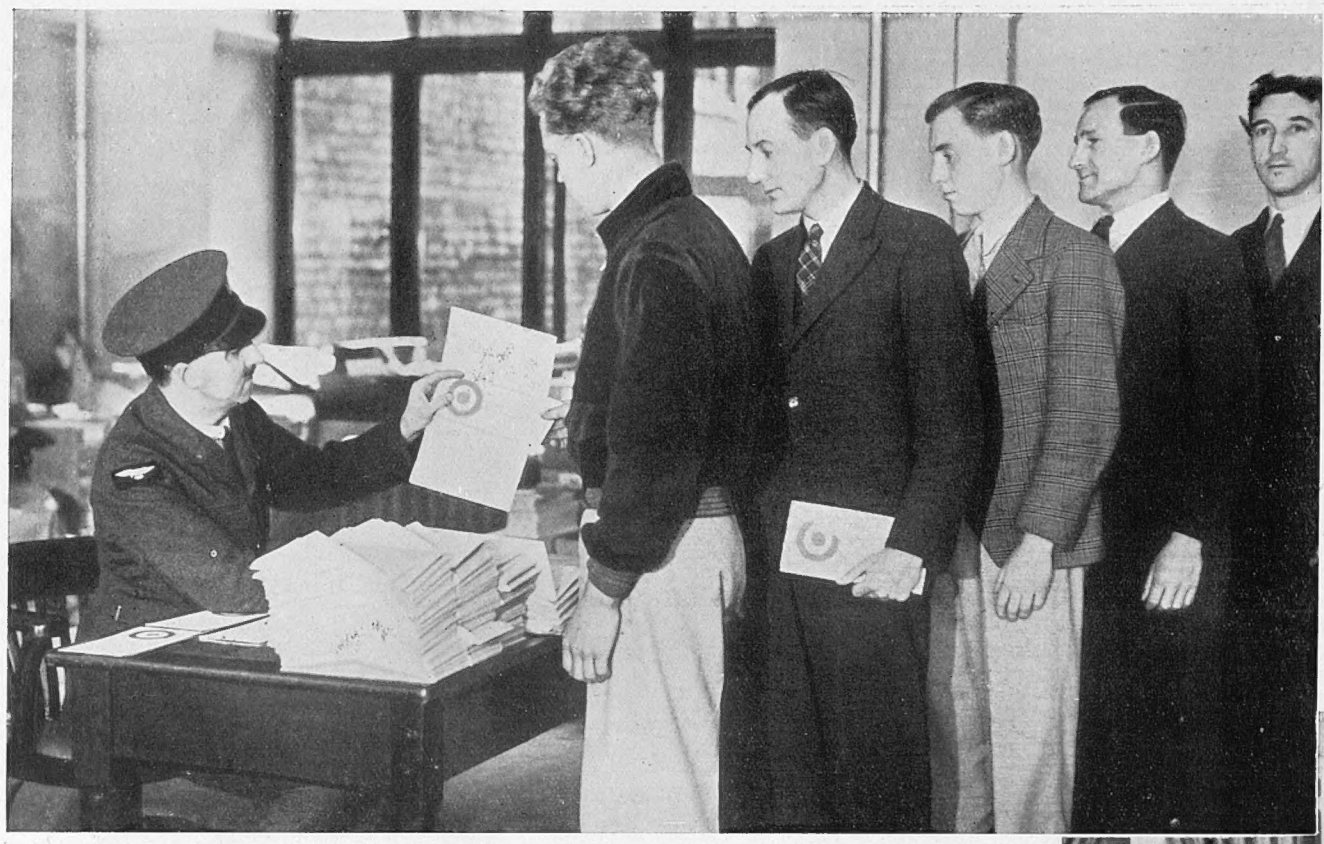


SEIZING A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY: A scene at Victory House, Kingsway, where hundreds of young men have been flocking to take out application forms and to undergo medical examinations following the Marquess of Londonderry's call to the youth of the nation to join the Royal Air Force under the new expansion programme. The response is said to have exceeded all expectations

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, May 29, 1935.

HITLER SPEAKS.—Hitler has spoken in a loud if "in no uncertain" voice. If there is much in his domestic policy which runs counter to my most cherished beliefs and principles, I confess to a certain sympathy with a part of his argument respecting Germany's position in the concert of Europe. I don't see why he should be more clear-cut in his pronouncements on armaments when he has before him the hedged and vacillating pronouncements of the "allied" Great Powers. The great war which made Germany the mad dog of half civilisation was engineered by a Germany which is dead and buried, and no country suffered more from its results than the Germany of to-day. If its sufferings have made it as truculent and "Prussian" as the old Junker regime, that is not entirely to be laid at the door of Hitler or even of Nazism. More than that, a majority of "allied" opinion now holds that the last vestiges of the "revenge" clauses in that monstrous Treaty of Versailles are stale and dead and should long since have been buried. I believe a majority opinion in Britain to-day, longing for some assurance of peace, sympathises in the ends, if it deplores the means, of Hitler's actions in taking the equality which France and her satellites could not decide gracefully to concede. The result has been in our case a new race in air armament and Heaven knows how much futile expenditure of time and money on negotiations and safeguards. In such circumstances it is difficult to understand why the ball of fresh negotiation should have been judged to be at the feet of Germany. France and Italy, with more authority and resources, assuredly should by now have shewn a change of heart. What (in the position that exists) Hitler has said does not fall so far short as some think. If words mean anything, he clearly guaranteed German adherence to Locarno and readiness for a supplementary air pact. There was sincerity and conviction in his declaration that Germany must have peace—not for five years but for fifty; that she would raise no more territorial issues with France, other than in the process of evolution and through the most modern diplomatic channels; that she would henceforth live up to every *voluntarily*-signed treaty, including those signed by his predecessors; that she would at any time limit armaments if the other great Powers could agree to do the same, and that she would not and could not ever enter into a rivalry of the sea. There was sense and apparently sincerity also in his hint that the door was not closed to a new effort to outlaw the worst brutalities of air warfare, and that such a pact was a logical step to any attempt to limit air armaments. Without accusing Hitler of political adroitness, it seems to me he has neatly and not unconstructively passed back the ball to the other wing.

MR. BALDWIN AS USUAL.—The new Prime Minister elect, Mr. Baldwin, is a great Parliamentarian. Because he rises to such heights of strength, eloquence, and sense on the occasions for great speeches, we are wont to consider him a little too easy and tolerant in off-seasons. He made his usual profound impression by his speech during the Imperial Defence debate, which speech was perforce a hasty answer to Hitler's. He at least decided to accept that declaration, though he had had no time to examine it under a microscope, as a genuine and sincere effort to keep the ball of negotiation in play. And in the main he stressed those points of clear policy which I have tried to tabulate above. Then he turned to British air plans. He warned the country of the danger and needlessness of panic. No "emergency" had yet arisen. The country was nearly solid for raising our air defences to a point of parity with other individual Western Powers, not as a direct answer to Germany's "challenge." One special feature of this speech was an indication that the question of a single Defence Minister is not so dead and buried as its supporters feared. His speech, following Hitler's, definitely keeps open the door to reaching a practical solution of Europe's problem, always provided we shelter that door from the "draughts" from another quarter which perpetually threaten to slam it again. We have been all too long a satellite of France. The latest success of the League in reaching a formula agreeable to both sides in the Italo-Abyssinian dispute most surely gives us additional grounds for hope that the new road to peace is not after all to be one of those by-pass schemes which end in a barrier through lack of backing.

CABINET RECONSTRUCTION.—Reconstruction of the Ministry is in the air and there is no more delightful and fruitful subject for journalism. The changes foreshadowed are in some quarters linked up with the "great expectations" of the Jubilee Birthday Honours. While I believe Cabinet changes are inevitable and feel possibly that the coming Honours List may create a small aristocracy in Britain formed of those who will possess no title, no honour, and no ribbon, yet I advocate caution in accepting rumour. Those ministers who rumour decides are tired and has decided to shelve with peerages, may perhaps possess ambitious sons who have no desire to be guillotined with a coronet in the middle of their careers. And power and publicity are very sweet even to people with tired hearts. Then again, it is not always easy to persuade a clever man to relinquish an important portfolio for a much less important, in order to make room for a younger subordinate. For such a decision involves personal pride. No doubt Mr. Baldwin and Mr. MacDonald will swop horses. It may be that Sir John Gilmour will enter the Upper House. It may be that Lord Hailsham will take Lord Sankey's place on the Woolsack and hand his own portfolio to Mr. Thomas. It may be that the Colonial Office will be going a-begging and that Mr. Malcolm MacDonald may consider present advancement an adequate compensation for the future risk of interruption in his career. These matters are locked in Mr. Baldwin's heart. He is unlikely to cause by-elections in "dicky" seats by shuffling or promotion to "another place."

COMFORT FOR THE UNHONOURED.—But I do not anticipate that the shuffle round will be as general as some think, just as I do not think that the peerage, baronetage, and all the orders of chivalry and merit will be swelled to such vast proportions in the Jubilee Honours List, which is by the way a very minor affair vis-à-vis a Cabinet reconstruction. With the House of Lords in its present plight, a hopelessly uncertain future and its promising shoots tangled with luxuriant weeds, the creation of a bunch of new peers seems anachronistic and mildly ridiculous. As a nation we grow yearly more and more democratic, and consequently every year the bestowal of titles becomes a more doubtful policy. It is true that the love of titles and bits of ribbon keeps pace with the growth of democracy and even burgeons in the horrors of war and in times of crisis, but it is probably in the cognizance of those responsible for the bestowal of these rewards that for every satisfied recipient there are half-a-dozen disappointed and embittered. The ambitious should not set too high hopes on the practical recognition of their outstanding merits. A majority must always console themselves with the reflection that virtue is its own reward, that work well done is reward in itself and that many of the most brilliant and useful in every field have lived unhonoured or refused distinctions—a truism and a comfort which ambitious politicians no less than civil servants and private individuals generally should take to their hearts.

BY ROYAL COMMAND: The King and Queen in the Royal Box at the concert held on Friday of last week for the encouragement of formers came from all parts of the country and appeared under Sir Walford Davies, Sir Henry Wood, Dr. Adrian Boult,

THE "FIVE MEMBERS."—One's first impression when Members address their party leader or the Premier on matters affecting their political consciences is one of annoyance, when the letters are passed on to the Press. One is inclined to remember the advertisement and to forget the claims of conscience. That is wrong and illogical,

for we are always railing against M.P.s who become mere sheep and follow the bell-wether into the pen. No doubt, the points of difference from Government policy which the five Members tabulate are not equally vital—the India Bill overshadows the others. Ever since the Indian question began to bulk large, the Duchess of Atholl has notoriously become obsessed with it, but none can question the sincerity of her convictions, though many who feel less strongly or more openly may call them obsessions. But the reference to the Scottish Housing Bill is not to be waved aside as a trivial supernumerary. Those nearest the heart of social conditions in Scotland expressed the gravest anxiety as to the practicability of the measure from the moment when the intentions of the Bill were first hinted at. For the rest, it will be noted that among the five are Members who represent constituencies whose industrial welfare is believed to be vitally menaced by provisions in the "objected" Bills, and in the Government's policy regarding them. And none can underrate the force of pressure which leading constituents will in such circumstances bring to bear on their representatives in Parliament. It is fair to assume that that pressure did not merely turn the screw on the members concerned but definitely affected their consciences. Indeed their actions and speech in the past months were a clear prelude to the "revolt" now announced. Mr. Baldwin could do no more and no less. If he were to disclaim with horror the accusation that he stands and has long stood (under the label of Conservative) for sane socialism and liberal democracy in his every speech and decision both in and out of office, none would believe him and not everyone would applaud him. His progressive and liberal statesmanship has in my view saved the Conservative party from itself and National Government from the inexorable and often unthinking swings of reaction against whatever Government is in power. Everybody who has the welfare of this country at heart will agree with him in deploring the defection at this juncture of however small a body of sincere and able conservative Nationalists. For (in the hackneyed phrase) it was never more necessary to "close the ranks" and to show a united front for National Government. Let us hope that some or all of the members may yet succeed in squaring their consciences or their constituents and embracing the wider cause of country. It is no time and it is of no use to sulk in one's tent when so much can be done in the field.

TROOPING THE COLOUR.

—Of all our military pageants (for which this is the annual season, and the summer of 1935 a very special one) the Trooping of the Colour is, I think, the prettiest and most satisfactory. Even when the weather is dull, it does not lose its beauty and impressiveness. "Trooping the Colour" is a purely British military ceremony and I rather believe it was an invention of "Butcher" Cumberland who was "nuts" on military ceremonial. The "business" is rather obscure and very few people really understand what the elaborate marching and countermarching mean. Colours in the British Army are carried by Guards and Line regiments other than rifle battalions. Each battalion carries two colours, the King's and the Regimental. In the trooping ceremony, the colour, with its party, is placed at the left of the line, the right company or guard moves up to it and an officer receives it. Then the guard (and the colour) file between the ranks of the troops on parade from left to right. Since the Battle of Isandhlwana, by the way, it has been the custom that British troops leave their colours behind when they go on active service. Before that date the "Colour" was the centre and rallying point of the battalion. Naturally modern warfare necessitated a revisal of ancient ceremonial and tradition in the field.

CZARISM IN BELGRAVE SQUARE.

—On the 4th of June there will be revealed in Belgrave Square (in little) the baroque splendours of an Imperial Palace of the old regime in Russia. Brilliant colours will distinguish the rooms, lemon and purple, peacock blue and green, crimson and black. Here will be exhibited the treasures snatched from the ruins of Russian autocratic rulers, the priceless relics, steeped in tradition, snatched and smuggled out of the chaos of revolution. The tiaras of grand duchesses, the bedroom furnishings of empresses, ikons of the 14th and 15th centuries, court-dresses, bronzes, manuscripts, medals and jewellery of every kind—jade, malachite, onyx, orletz. The present will join hands with the distant past. War posters and caricatures will revive the bitter memories of the great war, and no doubt there will be sinister reminders of Rasputin and the murdered Romanoffs. Those who are not to be attracted by Russian art and Russian splendours in decoration, will be drawn to the exhibition by its proximity to the Duchess of Kent's London abode. For no detail has been forgotten which may draw Londoners and charm their surplus gold into the coffers of the Russian Red Cross. I am not myself prima facie drawn to the decorative arts of Russia, but I make no doubt I shall visit Belgrave Square in early June.

FRANCE AND MAMMOTH LINERS.

— No one can pretend that hitherto France has had much luck with the exploitation of mammoth liners. Her misfortunes give a justification to those who hold—with or without reason—that liners above 40,000 tons are an impious challenge (of a Daedalian kind or perhaps a Promethean). In any case, France's pioneer efforts in the way of monster liners have caused many heads to shake and cost many people, one way and another, a good deal. Sailors who have sailed in these vast ships in the past have raised a very loud and significant voice in condemnation of huge vessels. For the captain, officers, and crew in every department such a ship is no bed of roses. Her size, her unwieldiness, her magnetic attraction exercised on other ships, all add immensely to the anxiety and labour. In a gale she must steam dead slow since she is too heavy to rise, and nearing her berth she becomes a fearful anxiety and an "unknown quantity." Many persistent ocean-crossers declare that the acme of comfort is to be found on the 35–40 thousand vessel. But no doubt science is always advancing, and the *Normandie* and *Queen Mary* may very well swing the fashion round again and prove the worth, easy-handling, and comfort and efficiency of the leviathan.

OF INTEREST TO HEIRS.

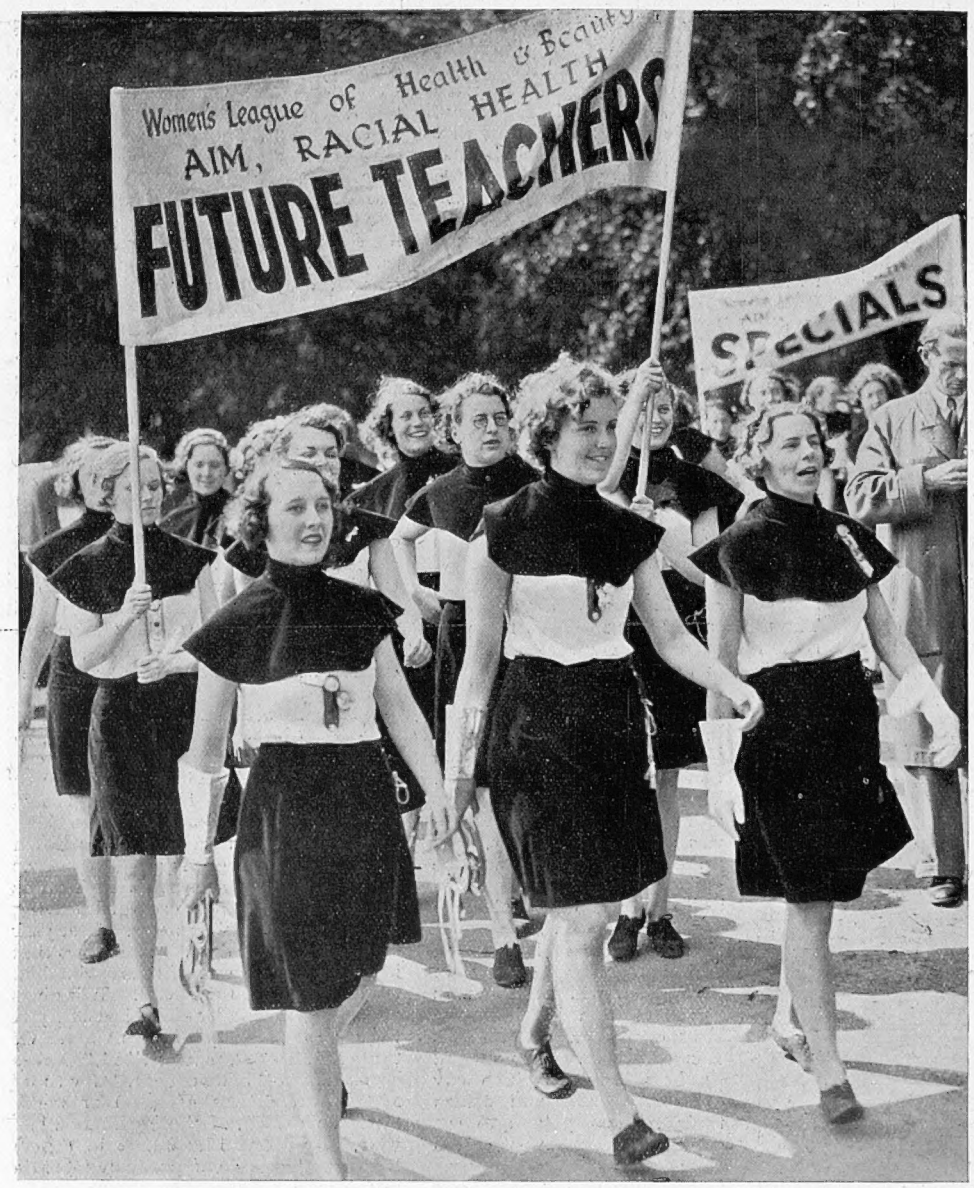
—Annual reports and statistics are always worth studying and are very often surprising and instructive. Take, for example, the Inland Revenue Commissioners' report on last year's death duties harvest. Last year 134,000 estates liable to death duties fell in. That is to say, 134,000 persons died leaving estates worth £100 or more. Last year 450,000 persons died. It follows that last year 60 per cent. of those who died left less than £100 of capital. This gives one a sharp reminder of the insecurity of life for the majority of the nation. Of those 134,000 "upper dogs," 50,000 were by no means "independent," for those 50,000 left estates of £500 or much less. In a word, of those who died last year, only about 15,000 (one in thirty) left capital capable of producing £150 a year or £3 a week. Every year over 300,000 persons die leaving nothing at all or nothing capable of producing a perceptible income. Last week I produced my "bombshell" anent the vanishing horse. I think this revelation concerning the uneven distribution of the nation's privately-held wealth is something of a bombshell also to the ordinary unthinking man.

THE OLD STAGER

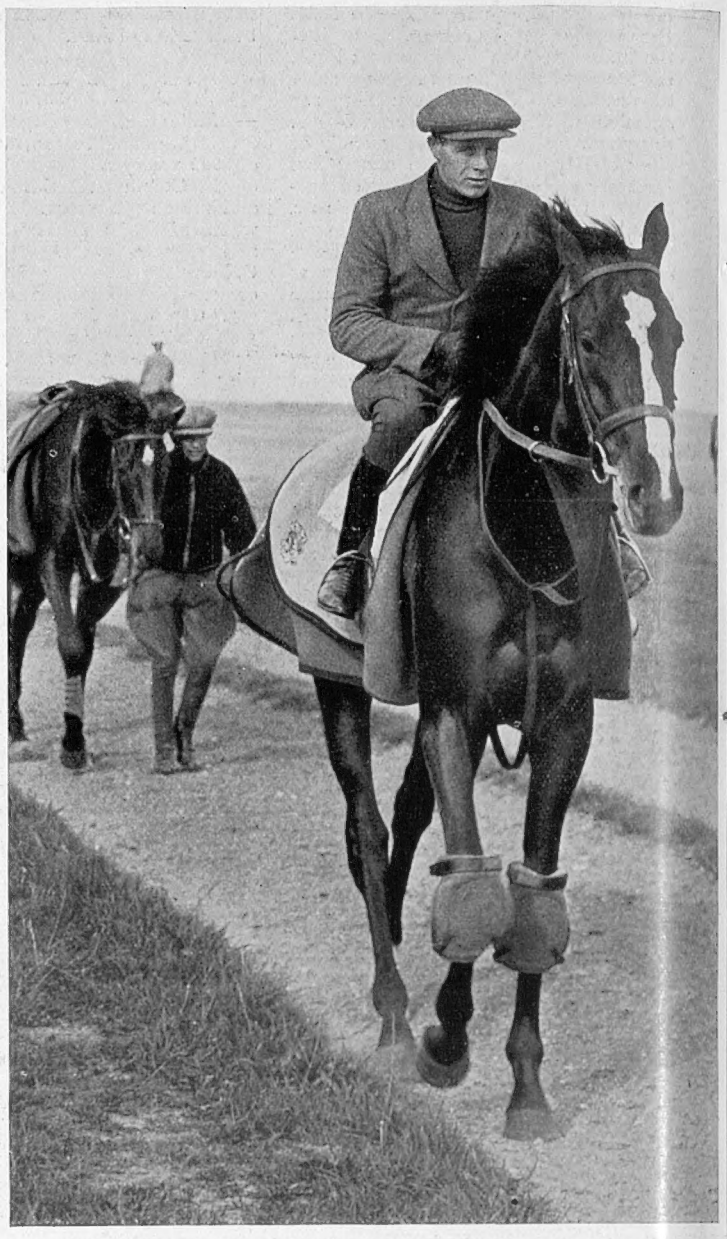
Albert Hall where they attended a special National music. The vast array of per- the direction of such noted leaders as and Dr. Malcolm Sargent

THE R.A.F. "AT HOME": A crowd inspecting a fighting machine at Hendon on Empire Air Day (Saturday, May 25), when forty aerodromes in various parts of the country were thrown open to the public from two o'clock in the afternoon until twilight. Especial interest attached to the occasion this year in view of the Government's appeal for more pilots and mechanics for the expansion of the Force and, possibly fired by the call, hundreds of enthusiastic young men took the opportunity of examining the latest types of 'planes and equipment. Children were also much in evidence

PASSING PAGEANT:



THE CULT OF THE OPEN AIR: A contingent arriving in Hyde Park for the annual demonstration by members of the Women's League of Health and Beauty



LEADING CANDIDATES FOR THE BLUE RIBAND OF THE TURF: According Aga Khan's horses, Bahram, Hairan, and Theft, as the first three who won the Two Thousand Guineas in smashing style and has yet to priced favourites in the history of the race. *Left*—Hairan (by Fairway the valuable Coventry Stakes and the Dewhurst

THE KING AND QUEEN MAKE THEIR THIRD JUBILEE DRIVE THROUGH LONDON: Children waiting to cheer Their Majesties when they visited the East End last Saturday and, needless to say, received a welcome as vociferous as any accorded to them since the Silver Jubilee celebrations began. In the morning there had been rain and a high wind which, fortunately, were succeeded in the afternoon by ideal weather conditions. On Sunday, the Queen's sixty-eighth birthday, Their Majesties, accompanied by Princess Margaret Rose and the Princess Royal, made another tour, this time visiting various parts of West London by motor car

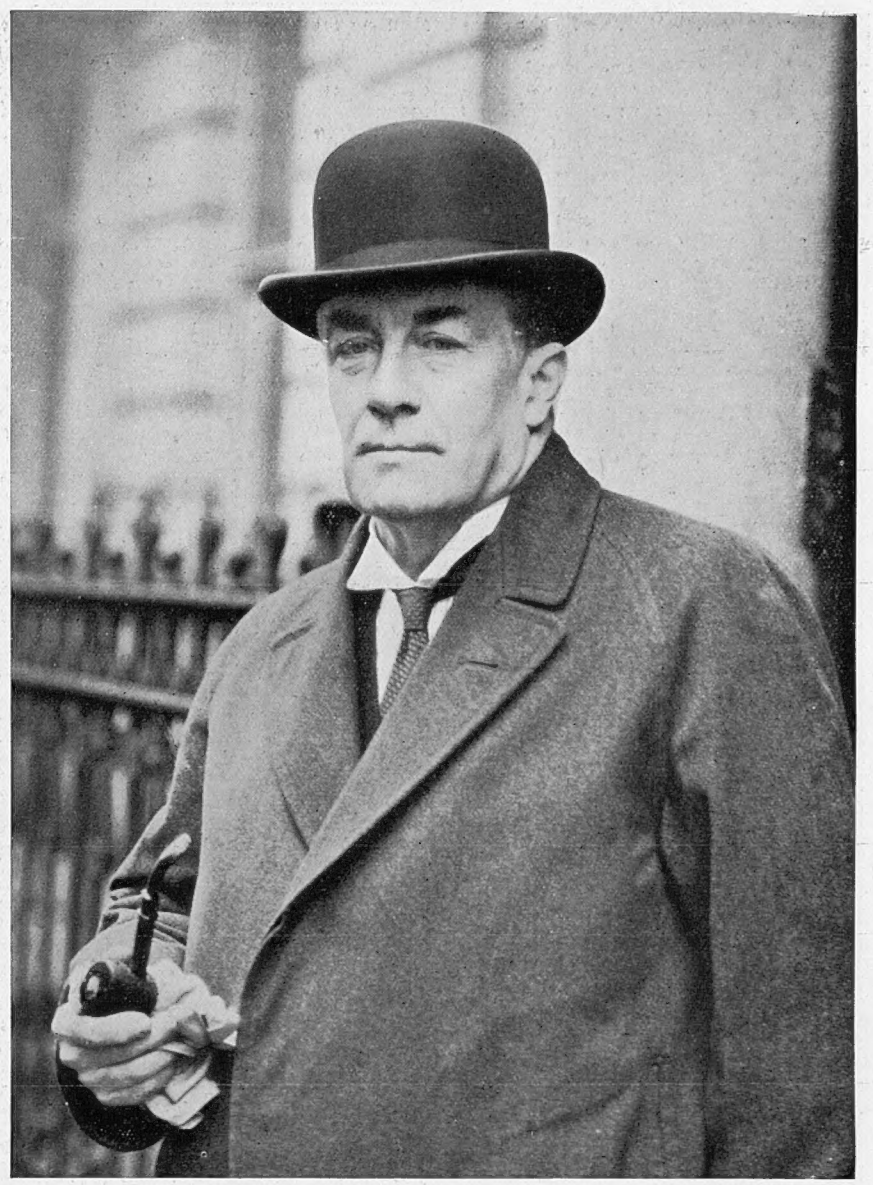
THE ROYAL PROCESSION PASSING LIMEHOUSE CHURCH: Another picture East London drive last Saturday afternoon, when they passed through to Limehouse Town Hall where they received the Mayors and Mayoresses Shoreditch, and Poplar. His Majesty again wore the uniform

A Pictorial Record of Current Events—The King and Queen in the East End—The Derby Favourites

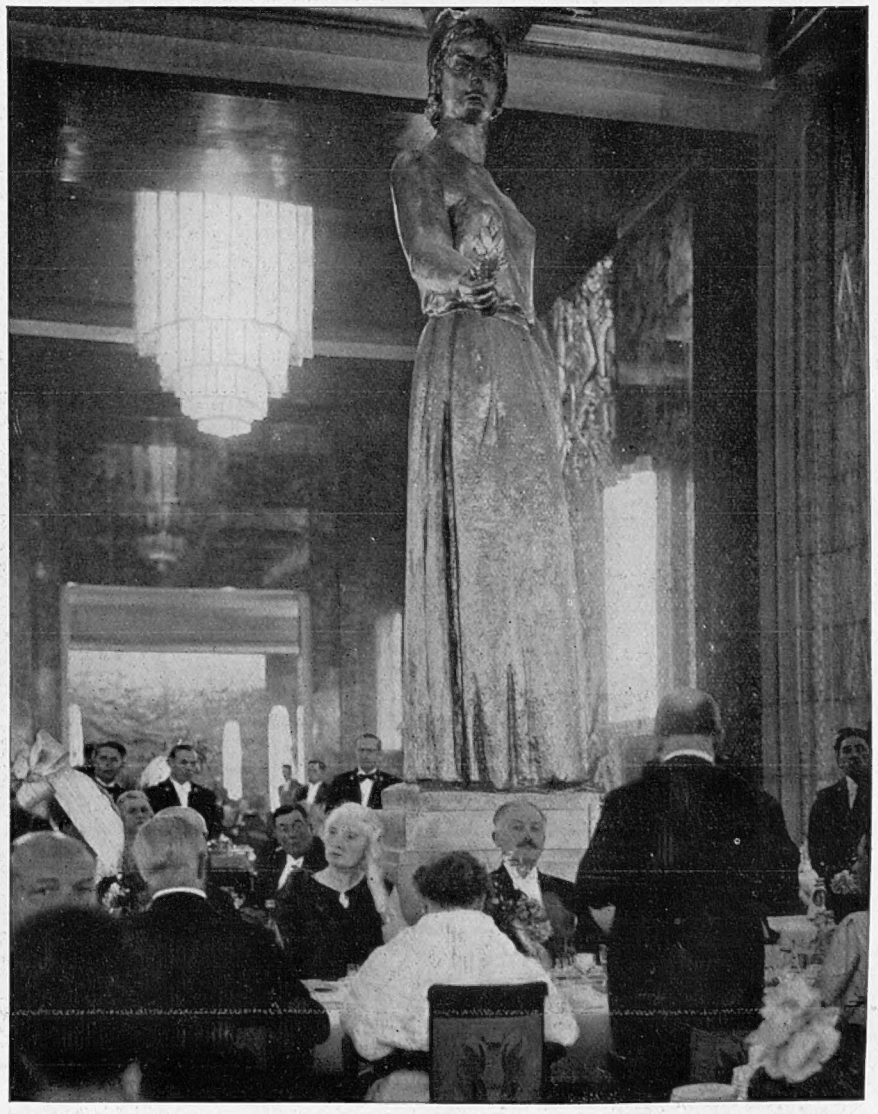
to the latest reports, Lord Derby's colt, Bobsleigh, has gone lame, thus leaving the favourites for next Wednesday's Derby. *Right*—Bahram (by Blandford—Friar's Daughter) be beaten. He is by the same sire as Windsor Lad, and is likely to be one of the shortest Harpsichord) leading Frank Butters' string at exercise at Newmarket. This horse won Stakes as a two-year-old, and a great future is predicted for him

taken during the King's and Queen's several miles of cheering crowds of Stepney, Hackney, Bethnal Green of a Field-Marshal

AMERICAN INVASION: W. Lawson Little, the twenty-four-year-old Californian, who won the British Amateur Golf Championship for the second year in succession when, after a titanic struggle, he defeated Dr. Tweddell (of Stourbridge) on the last green in the final at St. Annes on Saturday



THE PRIME MINISTER ELECT: Mr. Stanley Baldwin, who in the forthcoming Cabinet re-construction is almost certain to succeed Mr. Ramsay MacDonald as head of the Government. Mr. Baldwin, it will be remembered, first held this position in 1923 when he was chosen in preference to Lord Curzon on Mr. Bonar Law's resignation. He took office for the second time in October 1924 and remained in power for nearly five years



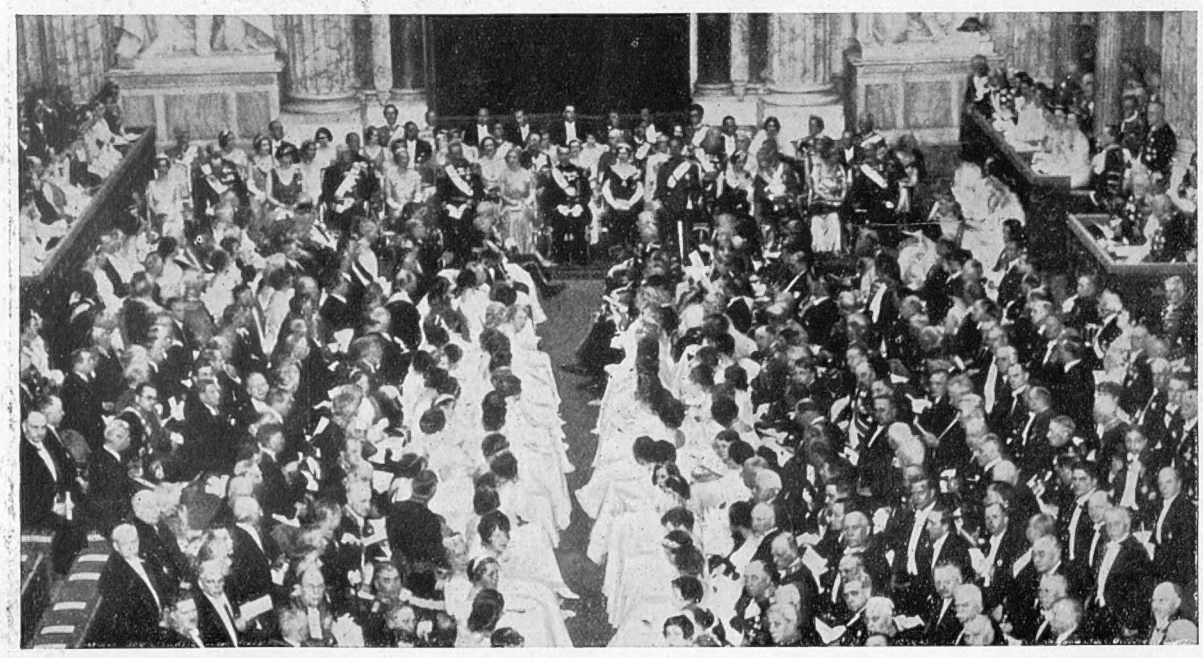
GALA WEEK AT HAVRE: M. Lebrun (*seated in centre*) at the dinner held on board the giant 79,000-ton liner *Normandie* during the celebrations which preceded the maiden voyage which was scheduled to start on May 29. The President, who was accompanied by a number of Cabinet ministers, spent one night on board the vessel

The SCANDINAVIAN

Scenes at the Marriage

IN HER BRIDAL GOWN: Princess Ingrid of Sweden in the beautiful dress of white silk, trimmed with old Irish lace, which she wore for her marriage on Friday of last week to the Crown Prince Frederick of Denmark—an event that aroused popular enthusiasm to a remarkable degree. The bride's 18-feet train was to have been carried by four-year-old Princess Ragnhild and three-year-old Princess Astrid, the little daughters of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Norway, but the weight of the material proved too much for them. The bride held a bouquet of lilies and myrtle

AT THE ALTAR: The bride and bridegroom in the old city church of Stockholm during the marriage service which was attended by sixty-three kings, queens, princes, and princesses



POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE AT THE SWEDISH COURT: The bride and bridegroom (seen at the end of the room) at the reception given by the King of Sweden on the eve of the wedding. *On right*—The happy couple acknowledging the greetings of the vast crowd as they left the church after the ceremony. The Crown Prince, who has spent much of his life at sea, is wearing the uniform of a Commander in the Danish Navy. He is thirty-six and his wife is just twenty-five

ROYAL ALLIANCE

of Princess Ingrid

THERE WAS CHEERING ALL THE WAY: Crown Prince Frederick and Princess Ingrid (still wearing her wedding dress) seen in their open carriage on the ceremonial drive of an hour which they made through the streets of Stockholm on the afternoon of the wedding day when they received a tremendous ovation which, according to one report, "surprised every foreign observer who has grown accustomed to the usually restrained conduct of the Swedes." Soon after their return they embarked on the Danish Royal yacht, *Danneborg*, and, accompanied by Danish warships, left for Copenhagen

A GATHERING OF THE GREAT: A remarkable portrait group taken at the Swedish Court on the day before the Royal Wedding. *Right to left seated on stools in foreground*—Prince Bertil of Sweden, Prince Carl-Johan of Sweden, and Prince Charles Junior of Sweden. *Right to left first row seated*—Prince Arthur of Connaught, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg, King Leopold of Belgium, the Queen of Denmark, the Crown Prince Frederick of Denmark, Princess Ingrid of Sweden, the King of Sweden, the Queen of the Belgians, the King of Denmark, the ex-Crown Princess of Germany... *Right to left second row standing*—Prince William of Sweden, the Crown Prince of Sweden, the Crown Princess of Sweden, Princess René of Bourbon, Princess Arthur of Connaught, Princess Sibylle of Sweden, Princess Helena Victoria, Princess Ingeborg of Sweden, Princess Thyra of Denmark, Lady Patricia Ramsay, Princess Viggo, and Prince George of Greece. *On the right of the third row* is Prince Gustaf Adolf of Sweden

Specially taken for THE SPHERE *by William Davis*

WILL THEY BE IN EVERY HOME? Employees of Messrs. Siebe, Gorman and Co., Ltd., of Westminster Bridge Road, assembling gas masks which they are now making in large quantities

How the British Government is Proposing to Tackle the Air Menace

By W. HOLT WHITE

Readers of "The Sphere" are aware from pictures given in this journal during the past few weeks that several European countries have been holding elaborate exercises in passive defence against aerial gas attacks, exercises which the average Englishman would deem to have been staged in a somewhat melodramatic manner. The British Government, it now appears, is also making preparations and, in the following article, Mr. W. Holt White throws further and interesting light on the subject.

LAST week in the House of Commons, Mr. Baldwin announced that the total strength of the Royal Air Force as a whole is to be doubled and that part of the Royal Air Force which is available for home defence is to be nearly trebled —and that exclusive of the Home Fleet Air Arm.

This statement came just a week after Herr Hitler's assurance to the world that while he would in no wise consent to reduce the German army below certain limits, his feelings towards the world were only those of peace and goodwill.

Mr. Baldwin's statement, therefore, was well timed and well staged. It preceded almost immediately our first Empire Air Day, on which the public were permitted to enter our aerodromes and study the Royal Air Force at first hand. And the thousands who flocked to the aerodromes must have had fresh in their minds that morning's reading of the appeal for 20,000 Royal Air Force recruits and of the way in which they were rallying to the colours.

Co-incidentally, there has arisen the question of the prevention of gas attack upon this island.

Before this appears in print there will in all likelihood have been published the long-looked-for circular which will be issued to all local authorities outlining the Government's policy and giving the directions in which co-operation of all local authorities is desired in the event of air raids.

It may be thought by some people that the issue of this circular is belated. But it must be remembered that there are very serious reasons why there should have been no undue haste. There has gradually grown up a situation in which precipitate action might have had results directly contrary to those desired. There is no doubt that long dependence on the League of Nations for finding solutions to the world's problems had resulted in the impression that there was little likelihood of war. There had been preached by various institutions throughout this country the gospel that to "talk war meant war," and that the only way to secure peace was to talk peace. This network is far more widely spread and has had infinitely greater effects than many people imagine. It was only the slow, but persistent, breaking down of Geneva which thoroughly alarmed other bodies of men and women who considered it criminal that the people of this country should not be taught the elementary measures to be taken in the event of attack.

The Government gave them no countenance, and at first certainly no aid in their efforts to arouse people to what might be their dangers. As time went on, the division of opinion between those two schools of thought grew more intense and the difficulties of the Government were increased by the fact that certain extreme sections of the Press were stirring up a terrible partisanship between those who declared that we must never be dragged into another war and those who said that while war must, if possible, be avoided, it was only humane and fair that there should be a defensive organisation of the civilian population.

At one stage there is no doubt that the Government believed that any sudden pronouncement of measures to be taken for the defence of the civilian population in the event of air raids might aggravate the position—that such an announcement might appear to be of a bellicose nature, or even create a panic. If the Government imagined the latter, then it could not have been well posted in the mass psychology of this country.

This country fortunately — or perhaps unfortunately — never panics. It was in no way alarmed about the great war when the great war began. It never panicked during the air raids in the last war; but then, as an authority pointed out to the writer, war in the air in the future will be a very different thing from what it was in the past.

It is possible therefore that the Government has been wise in taking time before introducing the organization of the civilian population against air raids. For in the passage of time the march of events has largely solved the Government's problems.

The secession of Japan from the League, the departure of Germany from Geneva, Mussolini's menace to Abyssinia, and above all the sayings and doings of Messrs. Hitler, Göring and Goebbels have done more to make the British public "look to its moat" than could have been done by the British Government at home.

That the time was drawing near when the country could be taken more fully into the Government's confidence was indicated a month ago when Sir John Gilmour, the Home Secretary, announced in the House of Commons that a new Government Department, to be known as the Home Office Air Raids Precautions Department, was to be opened under the direction of an Assistant Under Secretary of State.

As a fact, the new Department entered its home at 5, Prince's Street, Westminster, on that day. It will be recalled that Sir John said that the Department would not be fully staffed for a month; but as soon as it was in readiness its first duty would be to issue a general circular to all local authorities in England and Wales outlining the manner in which co-operation was required.

It is impossible, indeed it would be very ill-advised, to speculate as to its precise nature. It will certainly affect all of us. And later, when its contents have been absorbed, instructions will be issued as to the precautions to be taken by individual members of the public.

It will thus be seen that the whole business of teaching the civilian population to protect itself has not only been aided by fortuitous circumstances, but has been most ably and skilfully planned and engineered.

It is a comforting reflection that the organisation of the Air Raids Precautions Department is in the hands of the Home Office. It is a more soothing thought than it would be if it were placed in the hands of the military or Air Force authorities. The method is typically British, and the Home Office does not advertise. The Navy, the Army, and the Air Force all come in for their share of adulation. The Home Office rarely receives its proper share of praise; but for suave efficiency it has no superior in H.M. services.

The circular, though all local authorities are now braced to receive it, will still perhaps come as a mild shock. But even the shock-absorbers have not been overlooked; and it will perhaps be very largely due to the women of this country that when the Government makes its policy and requirements known these will be received quietly in a practical spirit: without any fuss, much less any panic. And for this the thanks of the country will have to go out to the British Red Cross. They are organized to the uttermost to meet the situation. There is practically no one single member of their Voluntary Aid Detachment who has not only been instructed in gas-mask drill, but is qualified to instruct the civilian population as to the best means of defence.

Nor can the Red Cross be criticized in the slightest degree for the work it has done. They simply point to the fact that they exist for the purpose of aiding suffering humanity and that humanity is likely to suffer in the event of an air raid.

Indeed, that they are entitled to do what they have done is made clear by the extract taken from a League of Nations document and quoted at the end of this article.

There have recently been in many of the newspapers photographs showing the sensational preparations being made to combat air attacks in various continental countries. There was the dramatically staged air "attack" on Berlin. There have been similar demonstrations in France, Russia, Italy, Rumania, Poland, and so on.

It is safe to say that there will be nothing of this kind here. On the other hand, however quietly effected, organisation for defending the civilian population in the event of air raids has been systematically carried out, even down to instructions as to the protection of food. It will be time enough when the circular is issued to tell the tale of what has already been done—in particular by the Red Cross. And working in conjunction with the Red Cross will be the St. John's Ambulance organisation; and recently the British Legion has agreed to lend its aid.

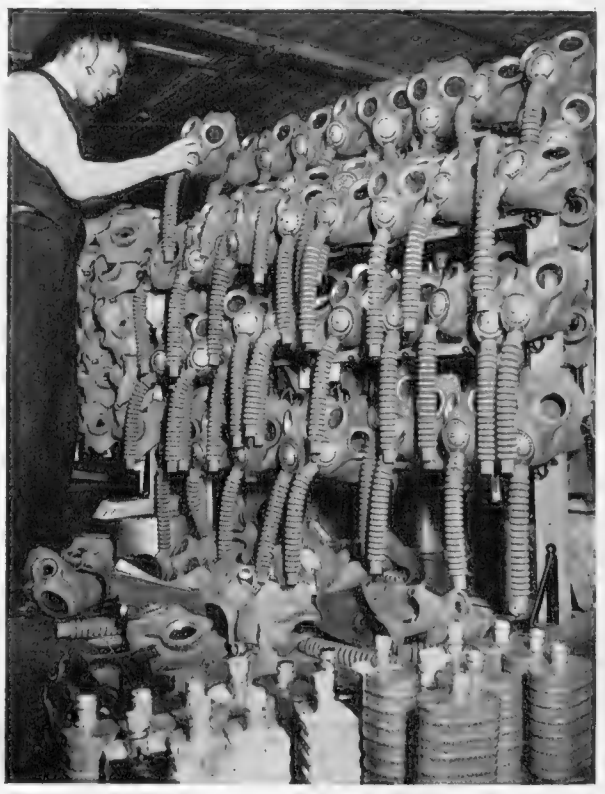
All this perhaps may sound a little grim; but, as it is pointed out, disciplined people are in a far better positon to look after themselves and far less prone to panic than those who are not.

A final point: in 1932— a Special committee on chemical, incendiary and bacterial weapons sitting at Geneva filed its reply to a questionnaire put to it by the Bureau of the League of Nations on various points. A study of this reply shows that at this time the League was awaking to the fact that in spite of all their pacts, "chemical, incendiary and bacterial weapons" would be employed in warfare.

And on this point this same Committee says :—

> The treatment to be given to victims of chemical warfare requires a complicated organisation; the formation, instruction, and training of a staff of doctors, male and female; nurses and stretcher-bearers; organisation of first-aid stations; means of transport and specialised hospitals. Such measures as these could never give rise to malpractices and cannot reasonably be prohibited.

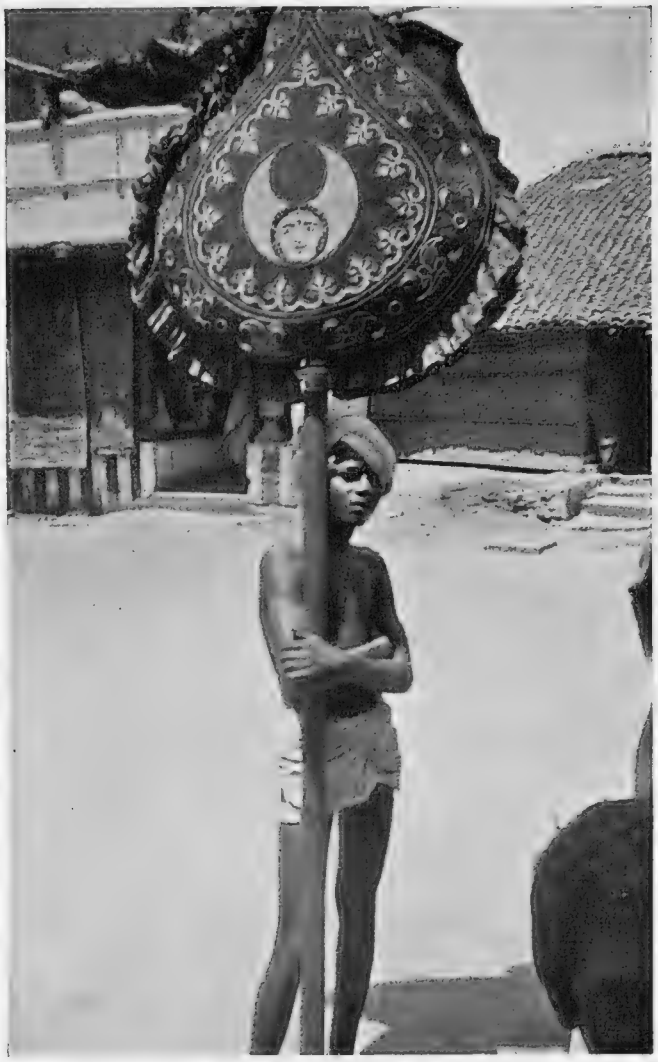
There could be no more crushing reply to those who declare that to prepare to meet possible air raids is to promote war.



READY FOR DELIVERY: Another picture taken at Messrs. Siebe, Gorman's factory in London. It is possible for wearers of these masks to carry on conversation without undue inconvenience

Some Impressions of India

Scenes in Hyderabad, Madras, and Rajputana

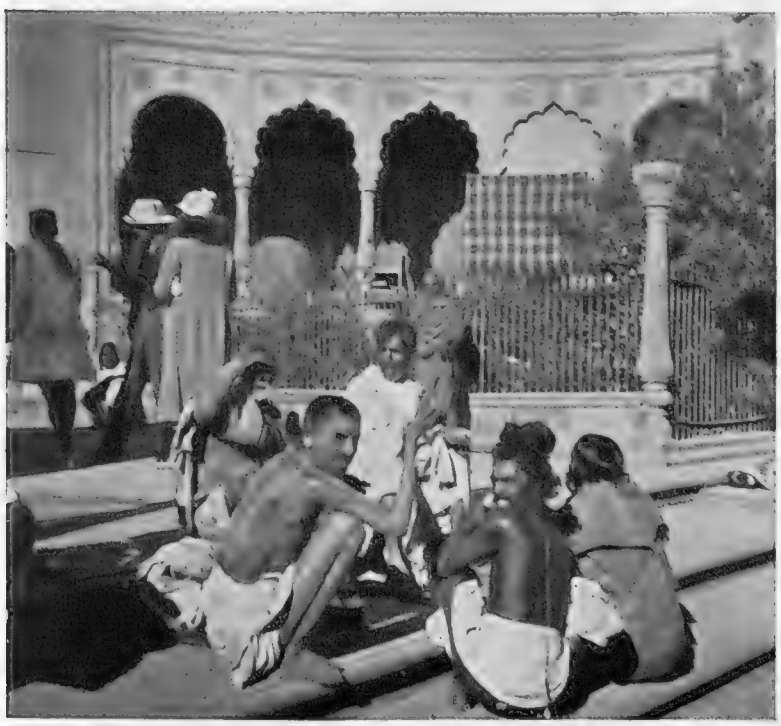


AN EASTERN RED-LETTER DAY: A youth of the city of Madura, Madras Presidency, waiting to take part in a procession celebrating the full moon. He is carrying one of the sacred banners from the great Dravidian temple

AMID THE ROCK-HEWN TEMPLES OF ELLORA, HYDERABAD: "Dancing girls" performing in the courtyard of one of the famous Buddhist ruins. Contrary to popular belief the dancers are seldom young and more often than not are old and ugly

THE STAPLE DIET OF INDIA'S TEEMING MILLIONS: Peasants of the Madras Presidency gathering rice after threshing

IN THE FORMER CAPITAL OF JAIPUR: A State elephant at the gates of Amber waiting to take visitors up the rocky path to the seventeenth-century palace, one of the show places of India



AN INDIAN MECCA

Holy men seated on the pavement outside a temple at Brindaban, a city on the Jumna between Delhi and Agra, and the birthplace of Krishna

An elephant carrying the drums in the procession in celebration of the full moon. On the left is the temple, one of the finest extant examples of seventeenth-century Dravidian art

PAGEANTRY IN MADURA

b

INTO THE UNKNOWN: Undeterred by the failure of the American attempt last year to explore the stratosphere, arrangements are again being made under the auspices of the National Geographic Society and the U.S. Army Air Corps for an ascent scheduled to start this month near Rapid City, South Dakota. *Left*—Captain Albert W. Stevens, who will be in command, supervising the installation of a camera lens into the shell of the metal gondola. *Centre*—Captain Stevens examining the air conditioning plant designed to supply the necessary oxygen to himself and his pilot during the flight. *Right*—Assembling the spore-collecting apparatus which will be released if and when the balloon reaches a height of fourteen or more miles above the earth and will gradually descend by parachute. It contains a sterile tube with a sticky inner surface upon which will be collected for analysis micro-organisms from the upper atmosphere

SALVOS OF SILVER

The White Metal Once Again Looms Large in International Finance and Offers a Possible Solution to the Problem of How to Restore the World's Buying Power

FOR the moment chief interest in the world economic drama has passed from gold to silver. Eyes in all the financial centres are focussed on the white metal. Its extraordinary price gyrations have set up a world speculative movement of gigantic proportions, and produced a bank crisis in Mexico and a trade slump in China, while in the silver States of America the "silver dollar" kings of yesterday see round the corner of to-morrow a return of the good old days when they built opera houses to please a mistress, had palatial new mansions fitted with solid silver drive gates, and staged orgies at which pretty ladies swam about in baths filled with champagne.

It is said in Wall Street that President Roosevelt's price-raising policy has a warlike purpose. He is firing salvos of silver at Britain—a little counter-attack in the economic war. Britain, by letting the pound depreciate further, gains an unfair trade advantage, and also embarrasses the President, who is battling with his own inflationists, and cannot devalue the dollar further without imperilling his Government credit, just when it needs all its strength for conversion and new-issue operations. The idea is that, by stepping up the price of silver to 77.57 cents an ounce, Roosevelt forces the bullion value of the Indian rupee above its coinage value, thereby obliging the British Government to keep the pound from falling below the dollar.

But whether this is indeed the secret of the Presidential action in jacking up the silver price in five consecutive jumps of spectacular amounts, or whether the explanation is the simpler one of a sop for domestic political purposes to the silver Senators and silver interests, the fact remains that this one-nation action in the silver realm is causing fresh jams in the delicate mechanism of money and trade over wide areas of the earth.

In order to appreciate fully this silver business, it is necessary to bear three things in mind. One is that two-thirds of the human race still base their standard of values on silver and not on gold, China's 400,000,000 using a monetary system based on silver, while in India silver acts as a store of value in the shape of hoards or ornaments for 300,000,000 people. The second is that silver has become a political question which cuts right to the heart of the world debt situation and monetary tangle. And the third is that although silver production has fallen from 260,000,000 ounces in 1929 to under 200,000,000 now (it was only 160,000,000 ounces in 1932) production is capable of great expansion, and what quantity of silver would be produced if the price were boosted high enough, heaven only knows; but it would certainly be enough to cause an immense over-production of the metals—copper, lead, zinc, nickel—of which half of the world's new silver is a by-product.

China and India are the two countries vitally interested as consumers. Mexico, Peru, and the United States, producing between them three-fourths of the world supply, being the countries primarily interested as producers. In between comes Britain, neither consumer nor producer, but interested primarily in the Eastern trade standpoint, with the secondary angle in India and the London bullion market.

There used to be a free silver market in New York. But it closed up when Roosevelt nationalised silver. Now the great free silver market is located alongside the only free gold market—in London. Four old-established brokers dominate the market. They are Pixley and Abells, Mocatta and Goldsmid, Samuel Montagu and Co., and Sharps and Wilkins. The London market price for gold is fixed after the breakfast bacon-and-eggs, and in the Rothschild office. The London market price for silver is fixed after the lunch sherry and sole, and in the Sharps and Wilkins office in Great Winchester Street. An hour before 3 p.m., when New York "comes through," the fixed price for silver is settled between the four bullion kings, and the news is flashed around the world, and forms the basis for dealings everywhere during the next twenty-four hours. Usually the brokers move by sixteenths of a penny. But when Washington is monkeying with the price, the speculative demand for silver goes wild, huge movements of the twelve-inch bars occur between continents and over oceans, and the price pops a whole penny at a time. A penny movement in silver can make a fortune, or ruin a dashing speculator.

One could fill this page with a list of what these violent movements can do in wider realms. But it will suffice to note two consequences. Mexico is the biggest silver producer, half Mexican production being from straight-silver ores (whereas 80 per cent. of United States production is by-product silver). One would think that Mexico would be enchanted every time Roosevelt decreed a higher price for silver and thus gave a fresh fillip to world speculative buying. But the last rise carried the bullion value of the silver peso above its monetary value. In order to stop hoarding and export of the currency, the Mexican authorities had to withdraw all silver coins from circulation and close all the banks, while an angry Government representative flew by fast airplane to Washington and said things in private to the Secretary of the Treasury and the economic adviser to the State Department which caused even President Roosevelt to pause—with the subsequent result that silver fell 1⅛d. in London and a lot of speculators lost their shirts.

We then have repercussions in China, which in turn react in the British area. Some observations of Sir Harry McGowan at the annual meeting of Imperial Chemical Industries shed light on that aspect. Urging financial aid for China, in which many British companies have a large stake, he pointed out that, with the price of silver mainly governed by market conditions, contrary to the state of affairs in gold-using countries, prices in China moved up, and business flourished despite the world depression. But this whole position has now been shattered by the American silver policy. To-day, prices are falling, with disastrous effects.

It is an odd thing that the United States, which led the move away from silver by abolishing bimetallism more than sixty years ago, should be trying to lead the way back to it, inpelled by its powerful inflation and silver interests. The latter have never given up the fight to restore silver. They thought they had won when a young and unknown Nebraska Congressman got up at the Democratic convention in 1896, and made the celebrated speech about the crucifixion of mankind upon a cross of gold. America was a battleground for the next four years. The agitation for inflation through silver-backed money died out when the depression turned, and Congress pledged itself to the gold standard in 1900.

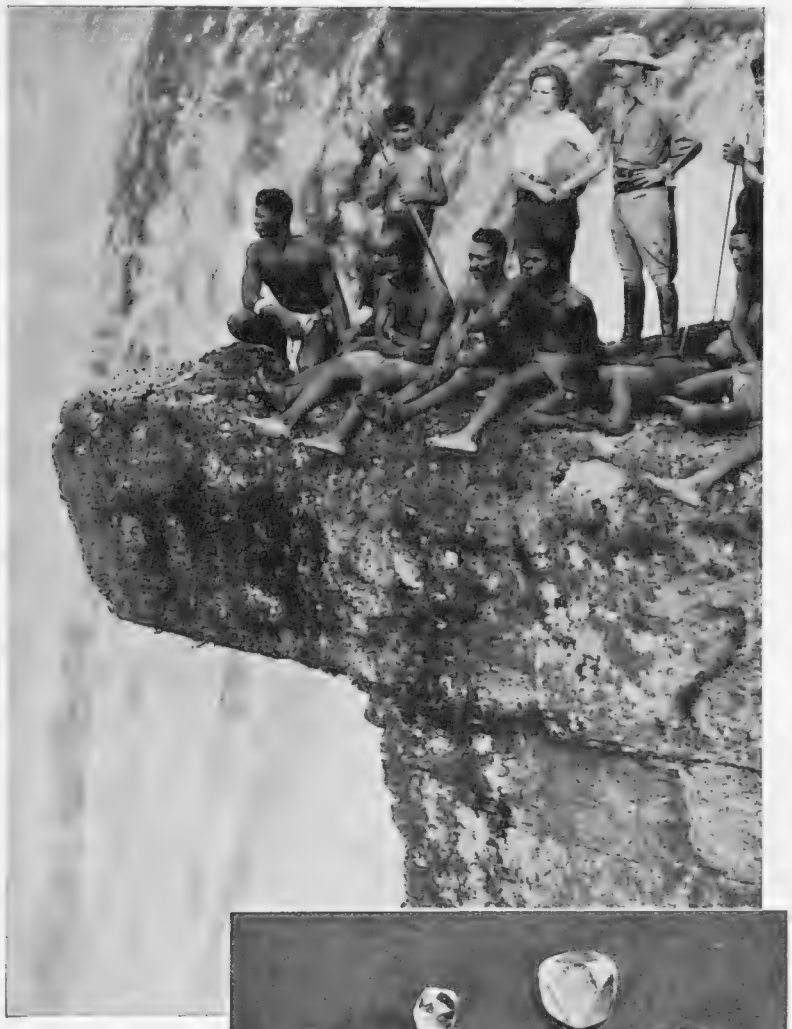
But with the great slump the silver interests saw their chance again and nosed in on the new President. The silver Senators from Utah, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Arizona, and New Mexico, and the silver-money radicals of Oklahoma, the Dakotas, Nebraska and Kansas, all the backwoods folk, pressed and lobbied. Father Coughlin, the Irish-Canadian Detroit priest, roared over the radio every Sunday afternoon for silver dollars. They got a provision added to the Inflation Bill empowering the President to establish bimetallism in the United States at such ratio as he thinks best Then the President yielded a bit more—the Treasury would buy yearly 24 million ounces of silver, approximately the total annual domestic output.

The silver interests shoved harder. The President yielded ground again. Henceforth silver would comprise one-fourth of the total metallic backing of the U.S. currency, and gold three-fourths. At current production rates Roosevelt would have to buy the whole world production for eight years to carry his policy through (the economist of one great New York paper caustically suggests that the logical outcome of this will be to put the United States on a silver standard!). The domestic price was raised from 45 to 50 cents. It has now been stepped up to 77·57 cents; and the silver bloc want it raised to 1·25 dollars an ounce.

(Continued on p. 422)

SEARCHING FOR DIAMONDS IN SOUTH AMERICA

An Illustrated Record of the Activities of the La Varre Expedition During a Recent Journey Through British Guiana



ELDORADO: All the pictures on this and the following two pages were taken on the expedition led by Mr. William La Varre (a noted American explorer) into the little-known interior of British Guiana where, under conditions of considerable difficulty, a search was carried out for diamonds in the great rivers. *Above on left*—Indians of the jungle, unused to the full glare of the burning sun, sitting with "elephant leaves" over their heads as they silently commune with the Kaieteur falls, for centuries an object of veneration. *Above on right*—Mr. and Mrs. La Varre viewing the whirlpool below the falls from a rocky promontory. *Inset on right*—Samples of Guiana diamonds found in the Mazaruni, Cuyuni, and Essequibo rivers

BAPTISM: Mrs. La Varre, the wife of the leader of the expedition, christening with a bucket of muddy river water one of the native boats used for the journey up the Essequibo. These craft are 40 ft. long, are propelled by about twenty-two men with paddles, can carry a cargo up to 1,400 lb. in weight, and, being constructed of strong but resilient indigenous woods, they are ideally suited for negotiating rapids without receiving undue damage from the rocks

PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE: Mr. and Mrs. La Varre standing in their boat after pushing off from the shore at the start of their journey up the treacherous Essequibo River. The natives are holding their oars ready for the word of command

THROUGH the RIVERS and SWAMPS of BRITISH GUIANA

The First of a Short Series of Articles on the Activities of the La Varre Expedition

TREKKING ACROSS THE DESOLATE SAVANNAHS: How the La Varre Expedition crossed into Brazil from British Guiana on their way across the Equator to Manaos on the River Negro—the end of the journey

PERILOUS ASCENT: One of the expedition's boats being hauled up Death Falls, so named because it was here that the wireless-operator of a British exploring party was drowned recently when his canoe was smashed to pieces on the rocks

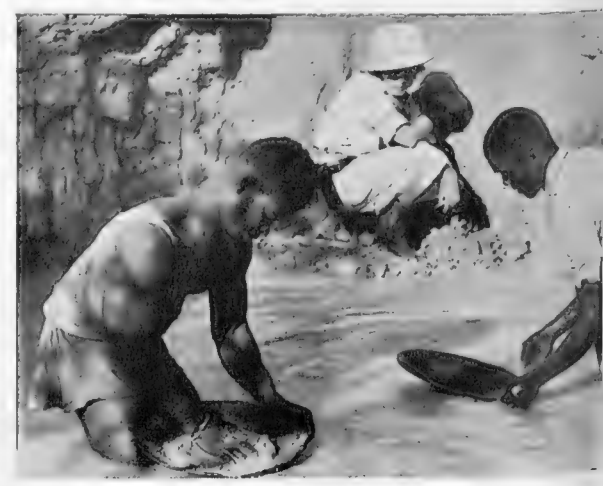
SHOWING red for over a hundred years, on the north-east hump of the multi-coloured map of South America, and absorbing more and more red ink each year, also, on the big Colonial Office ledger, by which Great Britain audits the annual profit or loss of the units of its far-flung colonial empire, British Guiana at last appears to be glowing with the promise of a *golden* sunrise. Gold is in almost all the jungle rivers, and several hundred men are boring deeper and deeper into the uncharted hinterland tracing the origin of the alluvial diamonds which, like orphans of a hectic jungle flood, have been washed down from the jungles, or prairie lands, of the interior and are now to be picked up from clay-traps in the lower rivers by anyone who has a thirst for adventure.

The river diamonds are small, averaging ten to a carat, and they give every appearance of having travelled a long way through the pounding rocks of the torrential riverways. But every now and then big stones are found—big stones, like the *Kurupung*, which we dug out of a creek tributary to the mountain-washing Mazaruni River. It was 30 carats, beautifully white; what was more important than its current size was the knowledge that it had been, originally, much bigger. And therein lies the lodestone of much future jungle-searching. Where do all these alluvial stones come from? Where, in that uncharted interior is the Source? Is there a South American Kimberley—another British source for the world's premier gem—hidden in the jungles of this little publicized colony? Will the "pipe" from which these indication-diamonds have come be found in the low, swampy forest, or in the vine-gnarled mountains—or in that hinterland plateau which, like the South African veld, is barren of forest for hundreds of miles, and in which all the bigger rivers have their sources?

But the search for this source of diamonds, wherever it may be, is no job, no adventure, for a novice or for a man with small capital. There are many places in the British Empire where a man can take his pack and strike off from well-worn rails and prospect inexpensively for minerals, or gems. But not in British Guiana. There is no railroad into the interior. The only methods of travel and transportation are fraught with danger, and require much organisation. For a trip such as we made last year (from the coast to the Brazilian wilderness on the south side of the high central plateau) three large cargo canoes were required, each locally built by an experienced native boatbuilder, and capable of holding 1,400 lb. and twenty to twenty-two paddlers. Sometimes engines are put in the boats, sometimes outboard engines are taken along, but in the mad rapids engines are too uncertain to trust, and the paddler still reigns supreme.

A POST OF RESPONSIBILITY: The bowman looks ahead for partly submerged rocks as the boat slowly proceeds upstream

AUTRES PAYS, AUTRES and arrows.



MINING WITHOUT "OVERHEAD": Blacks panning stones in the Essequibo River. Garnets, sapphires, dia gold are all found in this richly en

Extra supplies and foodstuffs have to be sent up, in other boats, in advance, so that there will be enough food in the interior before the rivers drop.

Although diamonds and gold have been found in the Cuyuni, which forms the political boundary between Venezuela and the Courantyne, which is the line of demarcation of English from Dutch territory, it seems probable that the Essequibo, or some of its higher tributaries, will be the highway of whatever future "diamond rush" the colony may boast.

It is for the purpose of discovering the source of that river (the Essequibo) that the British Boundary Commission Expedition, which has suffered such tribulations, has been exploring. No finer group of men have I ever met in the field, and the difficulties, hardships, and dangers under which they carry on their task of exploring and mapping the hinterland would provide the background for an epic of British exploration.

A WOMAN BRAVES THE DANGERS OF THE JUNGLE: Mrs. La Varre wading through a tributary of the Upper Rupununi River, not far from the Brazilian border. Note the jaguar-skin medicine bag she is carrying

The British Expedition, under the command of Mr. Cunningham, started up the Essequibo a few weeks prior to our departure. Several of their boats came to grief in the multitudinous series of rapids which dot the first 300 miles of the interior march. The radio operator, taking up a modern short-wave sending and receiving outfit, was drowned. It was with a good deal of caution that we selected other channels in the meandering river. Some nights we camped within sight of the preceding night's camp, especially in that series of rapids, called "Break My Neck Falls" by the paddlers, where the boats of Dr. John G. Myers, British Entomologist, were wrecked and all his equipment lost. These vanguard expeditions all had motors in their boats; in bad water there are scores of things which can happen to sparkplugs, gasolene feeds, gears, and the delicate whatnots of modern mechanical invention. We came along slowly, depending upon the muscles and the stamina of our black paddlers, and after a two-months' fight were safely encamped on the Rupununi river, having paused en route long enough to make a side trip up the Potaro to see that wonder of waterfalls, Kaieteur, which is five times higher than Niagara, plunging over an 800 feet escarpment with a thundering roar.

The legends of Sir Walter Raleigh's El Dorado and Lake Manoa have brought British Guiana no little romantic joshing, but they may not be so barren of factual basis as is supposed. There is no doubt in my mind at all, after traversing the 100 by 75 mile savannah grasslands, which we found east and west of the Rupununi River, that what is now savannah was once the bed of a gigantic inland lake. The beach marks are still to be found on the rimming mountains. There was plenty of deep and probably wind-blown water there ages ago, but a mountain faulted somewhere to the west and the water escaped, which accounts for the fact that most of the rainy season floods flow not through British Guiana at all, but twist around the hairpin curve of the Brazilian river known as the Takatu, and flow south *into the Amazon*.

MŒURS: A South American Indian shooting fish with a bow He sometimes poises fruit above the water as a bait

for precious metals and monds, tin, manganese, and dowed region

An officer of the Brazilian Government Expedition told me that one of the convoys of canoes, which started north on a river which they thought would take them somewhere near the location of the British Expedition's camp suddenly found themselves back in the Brazilian river, Rio Branco, again! But, however that may be, there certainly was a great inland sea in the interior of British Guiana, and tales of it—which like all Indian stories, live long in the minds of the natives after the thing has actually ceased to exist—could easily have reached Sir Walter's ships on the Caribbean coast. While prospecting the mountains of this area I myself was told by some of the Makusi Indians that the little diamonds which I had were "too little." They could show me, so they boasted, diamonds as big as my head. There was a mountain, also, they said, that was *pure* gold. Like Sir Walter my heart beat fast, but I held my pen away from my journal long enough to discover, when I followed them, that the "diamonds as big as my head," were only tremendous crystals of quartz, and the "mountain of gold" was only a mica-schist wall which blazed up in the rays of the setting sun.

The prairie-like interior dries up during the dry season to such an extent that drinking-water has to be carried. We used Indian bullocks as pack-animals. Four were hitched to a makeshift "covered" wagon, and we trekked slowly and bumpily, very much as the early South African prospectors did. But even here there is danger, for the seasons are not cut and dried. Sometimes it rained suddenly all night, and we were several times marooned on a hillside or had our cavalcade split by a torrential mass of water rushing down what last sunset had been a dried-up river-bed. And in the lower elevations there were many swamps, full of "elephant stalks," through which no other method than wading—sometimes neck-deep—was available. The Indians thought that it was a tremendous joke that one of the bullock carts, loaded with tins of gasolene, was picked up bodily by a sudden torrent of water and floated (thanks to the buoyancy of the petrol) far downstream before we could lasso it to terra firma again.

Diamonds and gold, and perhaps many other economic treasures, are in the interior of this little-known British colony, but except for a lucky stumbling upon their abode it may take many years to search through this ever-changing terrain for the precious needle in the man-killing haystack.

W. La Varre

NATURE'S CISTERN: Drinking-water is often hard to find in the uplands of Guiana, and thirst sometimes has to be quenched from the water stored in the spongy bark and pith of the cactus. Mrs. La Varre is shown here sampling this desert beverage

AT EDINBURGH ROYAL INFIRMARY: The Duchess presenting prizes to members of the nursing staff after the Duke had laid the foundation stone of a new building

MAKING A TOUR OF INSPECTION: Their Royal Highnesses walking round with the matron at the Church of Scotland Deaconess Hospital where they attended the unveiling of a plaque in memory of the late Lord Sands who was chairman of the Board for twelve years

The Duke and Duchess of Kent in Edinburgh

A Round of Official Functions After the Opening of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland

IN THE FORECOURT OF HOLYROODHOUSE: The Duke, in naval uniform, inspecting a guard of honour of 100 men of The Gordon Highlanders before leaving for the opening of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland

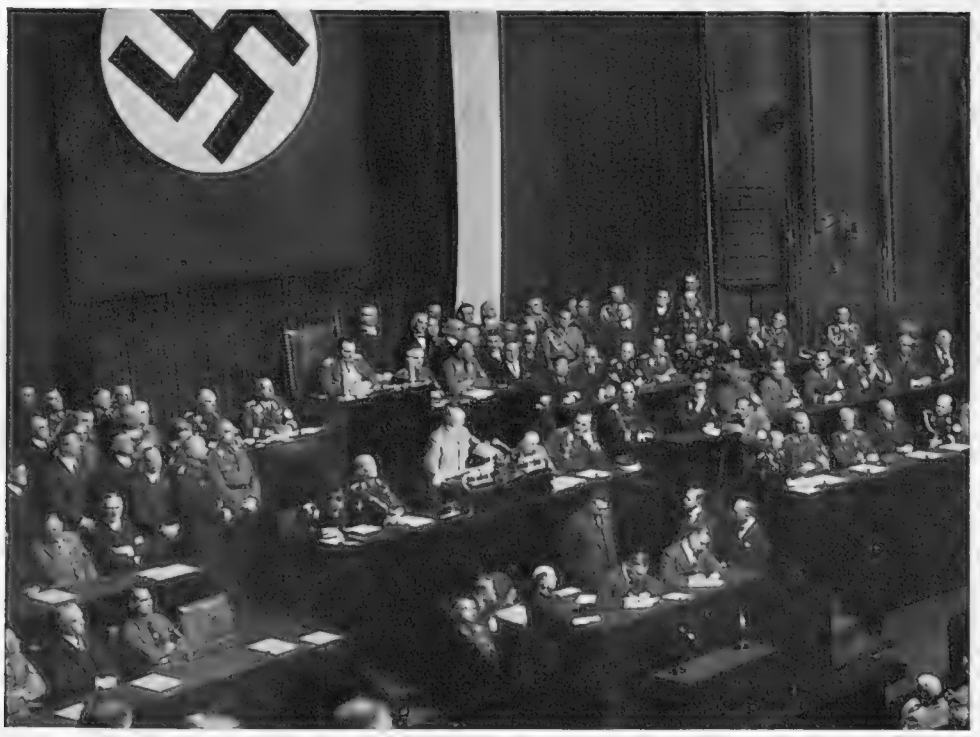
AT WHITEFORD HOUSE, CANONGATE: Chatting with some of the men during a visit to the Scottish residence for naval and military veterans. *On left*—Judges arriving for the second Levée at the Palace of Holyroodhouse, a group including Lord Normand (the Lord Justice General of Scotland and Lord President of the Court of Session), Lord Aitchison, Lord Morison, Lord Anderson, and Lord Blackburn

The Canonization of Sir Thomas More and Cardinal John Fisher in St. Peter's, Rome

NEWS FROM ABROAD

The German Chancellor Defines his Country's Policy in a Notable Speech to the Reichstag

THE FIRST TWO ENGLISHMEN TO BE MADE SAINTS SINCE THE REFORMATION: The scene in St. Peter's, Rome, on Sunday of last week when, with traditional pomp and solemn ritual, the Blessed Cardinal John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and the Blessed Sir Thomas More, Lord High Chancellor of England, were canonized by the Pope on the 400th anniversary of their martyrdom. In addition to Sir Charles Wingfield, the British Minister to the Holy See, the ceremony was attended by over 2,000 English people who had made the journey to Rome specially for the occasion. Of the two new saints Fisher is the lesser known, but it will be remembered that, like More he was a keen opponent of Henry VIII's divorce from Catherine of Aragon and of his marriage to Anne Boleyn. Fisher was imprisoned in the Tower in 1534 for refusing to swear to the Act of Succession and on June 22, 1535, was beheaded because he would not recognize the King as head of the Church



HERR HITLER ADDRESSES THE GERMAN PARLIAMENT: The Chancellor making his historic and eagerly-awaited speech in the Kroll Opera House, Berlin, last week when he defined Germany's policy and, among other things, proposed measures for mitigating the horrors of war and for the all-round reduction of armaments. The Fuehrer reiterated that the country would never consent to return to the League of Nations until the granting of real equality of status for all members

GENERAL VON REICHENAU, of the German War Ministry, explaining to members of the Press the new Defence Bill introduced by General von Blomberg. One of the most interesting provisions is that, in time of war, women are obliged to do service for the Fatherland

THE DREAM OF EVERY MANAGER: A long queue waiting outside Drury Lane for admission to *Glamorous Night*—the new Ivor Novello show which is playing to packed houses. There is no need for "papering" there

Papering the House

London Theatres Bolstered Up with Complimentary Seats in the Hope of Tiding Over a Difficult Time

By CHARLES GRAVES

AT the present minute there are forty-two shows in the West End theatres, apart from non-stop revue and variety. Twenty-seven of these are being papered in the theatrical sense of the word. National rejoicings always blow the theatre attendances sky high, and so producers can point to the Jubilee and its after effects as a legitimate reason for the emptying of the theatres. It was the same at the Coronation. It has always been the same on other occasions of public celebrations.

In the ordinary way, the first few days of Daylight Saving, the first period of wet weather after fine weather, the first period of fine weather after wet weather, the end of Daylight Saving, light evenings, dark evenings, fog, snow, weekends, cheap motor cars, dog racing, even whist drives out at Hampstead, are advanced seriously as explanations why business has not been just so. Oh, yes, lawn tennis is another alibi. (You notice that never, in any circumstances, either the play or the cast is ever suggested as possible reasons.) But the Jubilee is a real excuse to hand to the backers.

At the moment, I repeat, half the shows in London are being bolstered up with complimentary seats, and, in the argot of the stage, the house "rustles." But very few of you would know it. It is a fine art to make the house look as though it was taking £300 at a performance when really it is only taking £25, and it needs a well-trained manager to achieve this. True, the sceptics need only stand at the box office window and listen to the ominous sound reminiscent of a registered envelope being stamped in a post office—bang, bang, just like that—to know that the complimentary stamp is being put on. The inquisitive will also watch mysterious little chits of paper being handed across the pay desk. These are the vouchers from the hospitals and nursing homes which are being exchanged for tickets.

Papering a house can be done for only a short period unostentatiously by even the most brilliant theatre manager, and the bigger the theatre the shorter that period. The first line of deadheads called in are the bank clerks. Free seats are sent to the Big Five. If a manager knows anybody high up in a large insurance company he goes to them too. Hospitals also supply a number of deadheads. A message is sent to the matron to send so many pairs of nurses and sisters by the manager, who hopes and prays that they will not turn up in uniform, as they sometimes do, and thus give the game away.

One constant supply of enthusiastic and well-dressed free-seaters is a well-known hairdresser in the West End who sends really excellent people along. He will ring up and say "I have placed them very well." This gentleman can get rid of as many as a hundred seats for a single evening, but when one of his colleagues wanted to see a particular show which was being papered he was most indignant. "To think that I give seats to a b—— barber!" he stormed. Certain other gentry also write to say that they have facilities to place complimentary tickets.

The whole of the theatrical profession, of course, write in, especially those with "Late of Sir Henry Irving's Company" on their cards. These do not wait to be asked. They send stamped and addressed envelopes. Some even put their cards over the window of the box office. Of course they get turned down. Even people doing well in the theatre write to say that they have relatives up from the country who would also be delighted to come to the theatre with them. Clergymen announce that they are very poor and are going to have a holiday in London, so think that it would be nice to see some respectable plays free. Genuine professional actors and actresses are always taken care of in time of stress, while doctors have seats showered on them, the theory being that they will tell their patients about the play. Some theatrical managers even send seats to dentists, though others cannot believe that the circumstance of the recommendation—I mean the dentist's chair—can possibly be productive of business.

The cheaper parts of the house are papered with small shop-keepers, who get a pair of seats in return for putting posters in their windows. During the war, of course, papering a house was easy. If you had a flop you asked the wounded soldiers and felt patriotic at the same time. Sometimes, to-day, a failure can be so notorious that the word has gone round, and the despairing management cannot even get the deadhead to come. When that happens, the most optimistic throws up the sponge.

The best story of a deadhead hails from Leeds, when on a Monday night a woman got a free seat for the grand circle. She went to the box-office, said that she was accustomed to sitting in the upper circle, and asked the clerk to change her seat and give her the balance. There is also a theatrical gag that actors ask for their cards back if a show is really bad. It once did happen at Daly's.

Actually, there has never been a theatrical management which did not swear fervently at the start of its career that it would never have free seats. Time and again it has been compelled to do it after the second or third night. Occasionally, very occasionally, a play has been *made* by deadheads. Not long ago, for example, a certain Shaftesbury Avenue production started badly. The management took a chance for ten days. They papered the house with people who arrived smartly dressed in large cars, while the queues outside the pit and gallery also looked good. When any genuine customer did come in to buy a seat the management announced that they were booked up for over a week. On this occasion the management got away with it and the play, which ran at a famous theatre (I had better not give names) ran for several months. The joke was that one evening during the first ten days there were four empty seats. The actor playing the lead complained bitterly afterwards about this. He could not tolerate empty seats in the theatre. The truth was that these were the only four seats paid for, but the people who had bought them had failed to turn up.

The best deadhead audience is an audience of the "profession." They know what it means and always applaud. In any event the real show folk give a good performance even to an almost empty house. When the non-stop *Grand Guignol* was running to its close there were only three people one night at the final performance at 11.30 p.m., and yet the company gave a flawless performance.

Among the purveyors of complimentary ticket holders I had almost forgotten the Oxford Street tailor who sends out complimentary tickets with a list of instructions. These are that evening dress is compulsory; that the recipients of the seats are to applaud vociferously; to spend money in the bar; to buy chocolates; to keep clear of the box office; not to ask for their seats to be changed: and on no account to mention his name.

Before the war it was considered de rigueur for deadheads to wear white ties. In those days special complimentary tickets were issued with the phrase "Evening dress indispensable" printed on them. What is more, this rule was adhered to.

To-day there are deadheads and deadheads. Some are apologetic and unostentatious. Others tactlessly come up with their vouchers just when a cash customer is negotiating a sale, and whack their vouchers on the counter. These are amateur deadheads. The professional deadhead who has seen all the plays in London and has never paid for one, waits his turn. Even the origin of the deadhead is interesting. It dates back to the free list at the Coliseum in Rome in the time of Nero, when tiny ivory skulls were used as the symbol of admission. Last century, too, the theatres in this country used them, and Mr. George Slater, the oldest theatrical manager alive, still possesses one.

It is possible that in time to come genuine deadheads will grow fewer and fewer in view of the increasing popularity of what are known as privilege tickets. People join a club, paying half-a-crown each as entrance fee. They then have privilege tickets for shows (which have decided to go on the cut rate) posted to them. They turn up, select their seats, and when the box office thinks it has done a nice deal, it finds that they have privilege tickets and in consequence are getting two seats for

(*Continued on p.* 422)

THE PIT QUEUE AT WYNDHAM'S: Another theatre where dissimulation on the part of the management is unnecessary. Diana Wynyard, of *Cavalcade* fame, is appearing there in *Sweet Aloes*

QUEUEING UP FOR "JILL DARLING," the musical show at the Saville which is having a real success largely on account of the brilliant work of Arthur Riscoe and Frances Day

THE ROYAL ACADEMY: A SECOND LOOK ROUND

A Gallery of Pictures which hitherto have Not been Reproduced

A graceful action study by the Chelsea artist, J. Leigh-Pemberton

"FROM THE STALLS"

There is more than one exhibition of pictures now on view at Burlington House, as anyone who pays two or three visits to the Royal Academy is well aware. On a first inspection the eye picks out the prominently-placed works of well-known Academicians, Associates, and the more-or-less regular exhibitors. There is, of course, a presidential canvas or so, and there are numerous pictures by such notabilities as Sir Arthur Cope, Richard Jack, Harold Knight, W. W. Russell, Sir John Lavery, and a score of others. But on a second inspection there come to light other works of real merit, and it is to these that we draw the attention of our readers in this special four-page section of "The Sphere." None of them, as far as we are aware, has as yet been reproduced in any journal, but they are, for all that, pictures that reach a very high standard of excellence which we commend to the attention of our readers

"TRAMP'S HERITAGE"

The freedom of the vagabond, portrayed by Morgan Rendle

A tempera painting finished in oil by Victor H. Moody

"THE END OF SUMMER"

©

THE ROYAL A

"PORTRAIT," BY F. BARRY CRAIG

One of two canvases by this artist in the 1935 exhibition. The sitter is Mrs. Arthur B. fforde

A TOUCH OF HUMOUR

"The Light Tenor Sits for His Portrait," one of two works by Ernest Forbes

"JANE AND SUSAN"

Kate E. Olver's portrait of the little daughters of Colonel Douglas Lyall Grant, M.C., T.D.

ACADEMY:

A Second Look Round at the 1935 Exhibition

A pensive reflection by Stef M. Fisher, a consistent exhibitor at Burlington House during the past few years

"BALLET DANCER"

A striking portrait study in conventional style by Joseph Greenup

"CRYSTAL REVERIE"

A study in concentration, by Frederick J. H. Whicker

"GIRL READING"

An example of the art of Elizabeth Kelly

"MISS EDITH MAY"

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

A Second Survey of the 1935 Exhibition at Burlington House

"HAY WAGON"

A canvas in which Gerald Cooper brilliantly captures the atmosphere of harvest-time on the farm

A portrait by Arthur Hayward, of St. Ives

"ONION MAN"

"THE FOUNDING OF PRITTLEWELL PRIORY"

A decoration carried out for the Public Library at Southend by Alan Sorrell

Above—
TWO BY TWO: Marian Ellis's tempera painting entitled "The Ark"—one of two pictures by this artist in the 1935 Academy

On right—
INDOLENCE: Winifred E. B. Hardman's "A Basuto Spectator."

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DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS' IMPRESSIONS OF THE MOST DISCUSSED ENGLISHMAN OF THE CENTURY: *Left*—A drawing by Augustus John, R.A., reproduced in *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, Lawrence's brilliantly-written account of his life and work in Arabia. *Right*—A painting by Eric Kennington, who executed the colour illustrations for *Revolt in the Desert*

RUMM, THE AWE-INSPIRING: THE SECRET MEETING PLACE OF LAWRENCE AND HIS FOLLOWERS DURING THE ARAB REVOLT

The following is a description of this valley which played such a part in Lawrence's adventure, written by Lawrence himself in his book, *Revolt in the Desert*. "The crags were capped in nests of domes, less hotly red than the body of the hill; rather grey and shallow. They gave the finishing semblance of Byzantine architecture to this irresistible place: this processional way greater than imagination. The Arab armies would have been lost in the length and breadth of it, and within the walls a squadron of aeroplanes could have wheeled in formation. Our little caravan grew self-conscious, and fell dead quiet, afraid and ashamed to flaunt its smallness in the presence of the stupendous hills. For hours the perspectives grew greater and more magnificent in ordered design, till a gap in the cliff face opened on our right to a new wonder. The gap, perhaps three hundred yards across, was a crevice in such a wall; and led to an ampitheatre, oval in shape, shallow in front, and long-loped right and left. The walls were precipices, like all the walls of Rumm; but appeared greater, for the pit lay in the very heart of a ruling hill, and its smallness made the besetting heights seem overpowering."

THE WOMEN IN HIS LIFE: Two of the leading characters in *Hervey House*, the new play by C. R. Avery at His Majesty's Theatre. Fay Compton (*above*) as the Duchess of Shires who, by her self-sacrifice, safeguards her husband's reputation, and Gertrude Lawrence (*left*) as Sophy Gerould, the Duke's Egeria, who schemes successfully for his political advancement

DRAMA:

MR. ANTHONY KIMMINS, author of one of the most successful farces of modern times, has now exercised his ingenuity on a play of murders and thrills.

The only cards in *Chase the Ace* at Daly's are queer cards, and the ace is used in the aeronautical sense. For the very large section of the theatre-going public which likes to chase the fleeting probabilities and possibilities of a plot concerning a murder, and a large collection of assorted characters who might have perpetrated it, here is an almost ideal entertainment.

I find murder in the theatre ninety-nine times out of a hundred as dull as Mr. Bernard Shaw declares (and rightly) adultery to be as a stage subject. I do not see that one has got much "forrader" when one has spotted the man who fired the revolver, or used the dagger, or administered the poison. If the means is more important than the end—and it is—Mr. Kimmins is justified, since his skill is great. Further, he can write good and often witty dialogue, and this in the dreary waste of crime plays is indeed rare. If he does not jib at a hackneyed situation, he at least has the gumption and the humour to deck it out in language to which one can listen.

That is a quality which puts in the background any number of sinister butlers, musicians, doctors, cads, pretty girls, and other impedimenta of a stage house-party where somebody has to be killed and somebody has to do the killing. As to who did the killing, that is, in my opinion, the least important matter of all. Since there are many "thriller"-enthusiasts whose whole evening's enjoyment at Daly's would be spoiled were they to read in these columns the identity of the villain, I will charitably refrain from making that revelation.

Miss Marie Löhr, returning to the theatre where many years ago she was a chorus-beauty, to play a middle-aged part, showed her usual charm, as well as the value of experience. Mr. Edward Chapman was admirable as a doctor, Mr. Jack Raine was realistically despicable, and Mr. Louis Goodrich was what it is, I understand, correct to describe as a tower of strength.

Miss Winifred Shotter, having been for a considerable time a heart-breaker in Aldwych farce, here has something more difficult to do, and does it well.

"Roulette."—I was playing a little roulette at Monte Carlo a month ago and found it much less amusing than *Roulette* at the Duke of York's Theatre, and rather more expensive. But the piece moves slowly; the Hungarian author Herr Laszlo Fodor, defying, like Ajax, the lightning of Captain Harry Graham. Captain Graham, who is a wit, has done much, and when he is given the ammunition all is well. There is merit throughout and the standard of entertainment is high.

The main fault, a serious one, is that the audience is hardly allowed to make up its mind whether this is a rather grim study of the ability of the gambling fever to wreck homes—and even, in this case, to wreck the happiness of a young married couple before they have had time to settle into a home at all—or a pleasant little comedy of intrigue and love and mistaken identity.

The contrast of style is perplexing and uncomfortable. The young wife at one moment makes a tragedy of the fact that on their wedding-night her husband prefers the table to the bed, and decides that the casino is more exciting than the nuptial couch. He is even playing with her money, and sends a page-boy from the casino to her hotel for supplies of cash. At another moment we are in the sphere of farce, with the wife pretending to be "of a certain class" (as Mr. Seymour Hicks says in his programmes) and coached in the part by one whose membership of that class is by no means uncertain. Thus some degree of dramatic effect is lost and the humour of the new situation is not strong enough to balance that loss.

There follows what seemed to me an almost intolerably long scene between the wife and another man who mistakes her for what she pretended to be. The result is an odd sort of romance, for the man falls in love with her; when he finds that she is the wife of an old friend he plays the familiar renunciation card, which wins her. That her husband is a selfish cad who can think of nothing but roulette makes her change of partners less surprising, though it must be remembered that the action of the play is spread over only a few hours and that a bride is eloping before the consummation of the marriage. Strange, but possibly true at Monte Carlo.

An actress of great strength and genius might have held the queer jumble together and blinded us to its improbabilities. Miss Hella Kurty is not that, though she is both clever and charming and manages her broken English with Bergneresque attractiveness. Mr. Robert Newton has ease and dignity and it was not his fault that the rescuing third party was a bit of a bore. Mr. Nigel Patrick puts in fleeting appearances, smothered with bank-notes, as the gambling-mad husband. I found it tantalizing to watch Mr. Austin Trevor labouring with the small part of a waiter, his labours crowned, of course,

A DRAMATIST AS FILM STAR: Anthony Mallare (Noel Coward), the unmoral, cynical, and shallow-minded publisher, and Cora Moore (Julie Haydon, *right*), the young poetess, consult a fortune-teller (Madame Shushinka). An episode from *The Scoundrel*, the new picture at the Plaza, and the first in which Mr. Coward has ever played

with success, for it stood out as something real and subtle. Miss Margaret Rawlings's performance of a good-natured gay lady was far removed from

"THE MIRACLE MAN" AT THE VICTORIA PALACE: Mike Coogan (Ben Welden), a member of a gang of crooks led by John Madison (Seymour Hicks; *fourth from right*), visits the town of Needley, and pretends that he is a paralytic. His plan is to allow himself to be miraculously restored to health by a local healer of repute so that the glad news will spread throughout the country, and he and his confederates will set up a shrine and reap the profits from the thousands of pilgrims who flock to the place in the hope of being cured

THE CONFEDERATES SEEK from Seymour Hicks' garetta Scott) and givings about their life from the gullible public and left their

Queer Cards in "Chase the Ace" at Daly's : An Importation from Paris at the Gaiety : Evergreen Marie Tempest Celebrates her Jubilee on the Stage

Reviewed by Philip Page

subtlety; but it was a welcome return to the drama of the old school, one of whose virtues was that one could hear what its exponents said. There are dozens of promising actresses who should take a tip from Miss Rawlings, and speak up.

"Gay Deceivers."—It is not advisable to ask why anyone does anything in musical comedy. In *Gay Deceivers*, imported from Paris to the Gaiety, a young man exchanges passports and identities with another young man in some tropical island. He is made, owing to this arrangement, to work like a nigger on a sugar plantation. Every time he starts to explain the muddle his head is dipped in a bucket of water. That would not have vastly mattered had it not been the main humorous situation of the evening, and as such rather thin stuff.

The young man was such an irritating noodle that for aught I cared he might have kicked the bucket quite early in the evening instead of merely being ducked in it. But that would never have done, because one cannot have a death in a musical comedy—though, now I come to think of it, I cannot see why; it would be an original touch, and in many cases a consummation devoutly to be wished. Besides, the young man is played by Mr. Clifford Mollison, and to kill off your principal comedian in Act I is a waste of money.

However, before I had ceased wondering why the young man put up with that ill-treatment when he was quite free to walk or sail away from it, the authors, producers, etc. decided to forget all about the plot. Then everyone felt much better and the whole entertainment brightened considerably. Since it is apparently impossible to have two good acts in a two-act play, it is a wise plan to collect such attractive qualities as one can and dump them all in the second. That ensures a favourable reception. It even sent some sections of the first-night audience at the Gaiety forth into the chilly Strand murmuring "marvellous, divine, will run for years." I only hope they are right.

Wit would have been out of place in a story largely concerned with the doings of imbeciles; so rough-and-tumble fun has been substituted for it, carried out by Mr. Mollison and Miss Charlotte Greenwood, to whom the Almighty has given inordinately long legs, of which she makes full and comic use.

Early in the first act, but not quite early enough, Miss Claire Luce blew in ethereally like a being from another and more sophisticated world. Admirable though her performance is, I thought Miss Luce rather wasted. Of course she knows all there is to know about musical comedy—and she has known better ones than this. But she is also a first-rate actress of a peculiarly subtle type, quite thrown away on conventional romanticism. However, she dances divinely (unlike other subtle actresses) and her vitality is the brightest spot in *Gay Deceivers*.

Mr. David Hutcheson, a good comedian, has an attractive stolidity which is of value. Miss Gina Malo, who can be so galvanic, had a part which even she, with all her cleverness, could not galvanise. I thought when the Governor General of that tropical island made his first appearance that Lord Berners, ever versatile, had forsaken music for musical comedy. But it was Mr. Wyn Weaver, and very good he was. Mr. Walter Williams made the most of a near-Gilbert and Sullivan duet.

A truly comic moment was provided by a little commercial traveller selling safety razor blades. He was whisked off the stage just as I was beginning to enjoy him. Poor little man! I could not even find his name on the programme.

Marie Tempest.—Exactly fifty years ago this week—on May 30, 1885—was produced at the Comedy Theatre a piece called *Boccaccio*. That was forgotten long ago. But in the company was a young girl who will not be forgotten in our generation, nor for many generations to come—Marie Tempest.

Half a century on the stage is a considerable achievement in itself. To go from strength to strength and from success to success over that long period, and to act to-day with vitality undimmed, is indeed a triumph. What Miss Tempest's secret is I know not, nor do I care. Perhaps she does not possess one. What she possesses beyond a doubt is genius, which has nothing whatever to do with that over-quoted tosh about an infinite capacity for taking pains. Of course Miss Tempest has taken pains; one cannot hold a position of eminence on the stage for decade after decade without working like a galley slave. But it is her swift and brilliant intuition for the right gesture and the right intonation—the very essence of the theatre—that has made her the great mistress of comedy. Such actresses are born. They cannot be made.

QUEEN BESS'S "LITTLE PIRATE": Matheson Lang as Sir Francis Drake (*left*) and Jane Baxter as Elizabeth Sydenham (*above*) in the new British International Picture *Drake of England* which was presented for the first time a few days ago at a gala première at the Regal, Marble Arch, in aid of the funds of King George's Jubilee Trust. The film is most elaborately produced and deals with a number of the more striking events in the life of the great navigator, culminating in a vivid reconstruction of the Armada

THE PATH OF VIRTUE: Another scene play, *The Miracle Man*. Helena (Mar- Mike Coogan (Ben Welden) have had mis- of crime and, instead of making a fortune they have become reformed characters leader stranded in his vice

"CHASE THE ACE": Marie Löhr, George Relph, Winifred Shotter, Eric Portman, and Edward Chapman, in the thriller by Anthony Kimmins, which after a short run at the Westminster earlier in the year, has now come to Daly's with a greatly strengthened cast. The author, it will be remembered, scored a remarkable financial success with his play, *While Parents Sleep*

IN THE HEART OF THE FREE STATE CAPITAL: A restful scene in one of Dublin's many parks

Erin the Enchanted

A Land of Unchanging Beauty

THAT Ireland is the best holiday place for an Irishman may be true—but it is not the whole truth. There is about this country a fascination to which even the most casual visitor could not long remain blind. Perhaps it is that her history, stretching so far back into the dim Celtic twilight, speaks to one through the surf that beats against her rocky shores, or the strange quietness of her hills and woods. Perhaps it is just that her climate is good, that there is a peculiar sweetness and warmth in the summer air that fixes itself in one's memory, that the mountains have been moulded by nature into shapes that are pleasing to the eye. In any case, whatever it is, the Irish people themselves are constantly stepping in to prove that one's first favourable impressions are not mistaken. It really does mean much to them that one should take something of the delight in their country that they take themselves.

I remember once in Wicklow, talking to a countryman while my eyes wandered over a lovely landscape of mountain and heather. "It's a fine country," I said. "Sure, 'tis a fain country," he agreed, his eyes following mine. Then, suddenly realising that this, from an Englishman, was a compliment and not merely a self-evident statement of fact, he suddenly added, looking me up and down, "And sure England must be a fain country, too."

England just then seemed very far away. It always does in Ireland—you may have crossed only a narrow strip of Channel to get there, but once its mountains have encircled you, you feel as if you had come to the world's end. This has always seemed to me particularly true of Wicklow, which is so near to Dublin, so easy of access, and yet which contains some of the finest scenery to be found anywhere. Glendalough, for instance, "the Glen of the Two Lakes," with its mountains and cliffs and strange traditions of early saints and anchorites, has an individual charm which could never be confused with that of any other place in the world. And here inland there is a kind of wildness very different from the coastline, where the scene is more gentle, and woodland glades that might have been the very ones Corot was so fond of painting constantly refresh one. A place like Graystones is as good a centre as any for exploring this district, and it is not Irishmen alone who will affirm that it is worth exploring.

Dublin is a good capital and there is little outward trace to-day of the vicissitudes through which it has passed. The predominant impression one gets is of a town planned with all the grace and spaciousness of the eighteenth century—but with its curious confusion of *grandeur et misère* as well. In College Green, with the entry to Trinity College, from which you get a good view of the Bank of Ireland, which used in other days to be Ireland's Parliament House, you are very close to the essential spirit of the eighteenth century. But Dublin's history does not only date from then; Christ Church Cathedral was founded by the Danes, and some of the original Danish architecture has been preserved in the crypt. St. Patrick's Cathedral was founded by the Normans. It stands in the midst of a poor and crowded district, formerly the fortified domain of the Archbishop, within which, as a feudal lord, he enjoyed full liberty of action: that is why it is still known to-day as "The Liberties." But for English people, perhaps the most interesting association with St. Patrick's is the Deanery once occupied by that most famous of all satirists—Jonathan Swift.

Drawn by Percy Horne

THE PICTURESQUE IN NORTHERN IRELAND: Ulster is an ideal place for the sketching or camera enthusiast, for there the jerry-builder has made but slow progress, and the thatched cottages still mellow the countryside with their old-world charm

IRELAND'S NATIONAL FUEL: Peat carts in a Galway village

alive at the present time.

To the north of Dublin, right up as far as Greenore, which is at the frontier of the Free State on Carlingford Lough, there is a great deal of beautiful country, and from Greenore itself a view of the Mourne Mountains that defies any but the most lyrical description.

Rostrevor, on the Northern Ireland side of the lough, is similarly well situated, and there are good walks to be taken in the woods round here. It is actually situated in Co. Down, which possesses great charm, and is easily accessible from Belfast.

Belfast is a very different place from Dublin. Built at the head of a lough which is rich in association dating from the earliest days of Christianity, it is itself an almost entirely modern city. When Dublin's spacious buildings were being erected two centuries ago, Belfast had only some 9,000 inhabitants. To-day the populations of both are approximately equal, and everywhere you go in Belfast you find evidence of that energy and efficiency which characterise the Government of the six counties of Northern Ireland.

The Antrim coast is pleasant, and there are some points along it from which on clear days one can see the mountains of Scotland. But the most famous "sight" to be seen in the north is, of course, the Giant's Causeway. This extraordinary phenomenon, rather resembling a forest of pillars that have never grown up, is really well worth seeing, however familiar one may be with it from photographs. The terraced walk round the cliffs shows some rock formations which in themselves are even more interesting, and there are also some good caves in the neighbourhood, though these have to be approached by boat.

Portrush is near here, and there is no better place from which to start one's acquaintance with the North of Ireland. Like other resorts, it enjoys good facilities for golf, while there are walks and motor drives enough to satisfy anyone.

Much of Ireland, the South and the West, has not been touched upon at all in this article, but it cannot be concluded without some reference to Bundoran, a watering place in the Irish Free State, on the south side of the Bay of Donegal. This is perhaps the most beautiful of all Ireland's bays, and Bundoran combines with great success the pleasures of a civilised resort with the charm of a remote and unspoilt countryside.

A. G.

Quite apart from its attractions as a place where much history has been made, Dublin is worth visiting for the insight it gives one into the Irish character and the nature of Irish national aspirations. In this connection, no one who goes there should miss an opportunity of seeing, at any rate, one performance at the Abbey Theatre, where the fine tradition of Irish drama is kept

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

A CITY OF FAR DISTANCES: Looking down Royal Avenue, Belfast

RAISING FUNDS FOR A NEEDY CAUSE: The Duchess of Leinster (*left*) and Mrs. Gerald Glover leaving the Wellington Club after a meeting of the Honorary Organizing Committee for the flag day which is to be held on July 9 in aid of the Silver Jubilee Year Appeal for the British Empire Cancer Campaign

THE GUEST OF THE EVENING: The Queen of Norway with M. Colban, the Norwegian Minister, at the dinner dance held recently at Grosvenor House by the Norwegian Colony in London

WEDDING BELLS: Miss Eve Foster and Lieutenant David Russell Morgan of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, leaving Brompton Oratory after their marriage a few days ago

HONEYMOONING: The Count and Countess Kurt Haugwitz Reventlow dining in a San Francisco hotel after their marriage at Reno, Nevada, which followed almost immediately upon the Countess' divorce from Prince Alexis Mdivani. The bridegroom's title is Danish

PEOPLE *in the* PUBLIC EYE

THE ROYAL BRIDE AT THE AGE OF TWO: An early photograph of Princess Ingrid whose marriage to Crown Prince Frederick of Denmark took place last week at Stockholm amid scenes of great enthusiasm

AT THE FIRST NIGHT OF "HERVEY HOUSE" AT HIS MAJESTY'S: Miss Dorothy Hyson, the beautiful actress daughter of Miss Dorothy Dickson, and Mr. Robert Douglas, the actor, who were married last week and are now honeymooning on the Continent

ENTERTAINING FASHIONABLE LONDON: *Above and on right*—Two Impressions of Estelle and Leroy, whose brilliant dancing has been attracting general attention among supper-time visitors to the new Berkeley Restaurant

The World of Books

Two Journalists Recount Their Experiences : When Jeffries Worked for Northcliffe and Baxter for Beaverbrook

Reviewed by VERNON FANE

"BRONCHO CHARLIE": This veteran cowboy, who in his early days carried the mails across the Western plains of America and braved attacks from Red Indians, is the subject of a book by Gladys Shaw Erskine, which is to be published next week by Messrs. Harrap. The greatest event of "Broncho Charlie's" life was his visit to England with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show in 1887, when he was presented to Queen Victoria

A CRITIC OF OUR TIMES: Douglas Jerrold, the author of *England* (Arrowsmith. 5s.), a penetrating and provocative study of the English people and a survey of the problems confronting them to-day. Mr. Jerrold, who was educated at Oxford, has a reputation as a profound thinker, and in this new book he pleads with deep understanding for the "small man," who is slowly being overwhelmed by "Big Interests"

IT was typical of J. M. N. Jeffries that he should have secured his first job with *The Daily Mail* on the strength of a translation of a French poem (about a rabbit) into Cockney argot and an assurance to the Editor that he could "wash and brush-up seaside Mayors." It was his newspaper's good luck that the man pitchforked into Belgium in the teeth of the German advance in 1914 was their most brilliant and daring correspondent.

These are the thrilling chapters of Mr. Jeffries' book, FRONT EVERYWHERE (Hutchinson. 18s.), the picture of General Bertrand who "stood in his stirrups and struck up an old drinking song" on the battlefield before Liége; of a man who "jumped from a car, and hoisting himself to vantage upon some unseen pedestal or other began to cry out at the mob in Anglo-French and to point with vigorous imperative gestures to this or that centre of the maelstrom," that was Winston Churchill; the telegram that prepared the world for the news of the fall of Brussels.

Jeffries was not the only correspondent to incur the displeasure of the War Office, and the brass hats duly took their vengeance in their own way. Next we find him organizing an espionage system behind the German lines on the Belgian-Dutch frontier, where he was actually photographed during the ceremony of hoisting the German flag at Esschen.

Thence to Egypt where he used to infest a room in Cairo in which worked Lawrence of Arabia, "then the junior in rank." ." I have had more full smiles and half-answers from the celebrated Lawrence than from any man I can recall. As for being enigmatic, he did not give me that impression. He wanted to be left alone, that is all." Lawrence himself would have chosen no better epitaph. The narrative is full of terse, neat character sketches of men famous then, or who have since achieved fame. Salonika, Roumania, Dedeagatch, the Italian front, an Athenian aside, Vienna after the Armistice, a push on "to unlock Poland, Buda Pesth under Bela Kun, Damascus under Feisul (encountering Rosita Forbes), Dublin in the thick of "the trouble," and so on to a galloping end, entitled "Years and Years and Years."

I have surely said enough to indicate that these are no ordinary journalist's memoirs, but the story of a man who has seen history being made, and played no small part in the writing of it during some turbulent years.

But you must read this book to discover that it has been written by a scholar and a stylist worthy of comparison with those superb craftsmen, C. E. Montague and H. M. Tomlinson. It is astounding that Jeffries survived and stayed with an organization into which people like Arthur Machen tried, but could not fit. He gave his best to his paper, as well as a passionate loyalty (his remarks upon the "atrocities" stories and upon charges of sensationalism are very much to the point) and, like so many who worked under him, was devoted to the "Chief" (Northcliffe). Perhaps his sense of humour was all the compensatory balance needed. Sometimes, as at Esschen, it got him perilously near to dangerous trouble, while, in 1922, it couldn't have been too healthy for a correspondent resident in Dublin constantly to refer to "poor Mr. de Valera," and to deliver himself of the line that "he is leaving Clare to-morrow and will march on Dublin at the head of ten thousand words. . . ."

The post-war years are so scamped that I hope Mr. Jeffries will deal with them fully in another volume. If he does, may I implore him to find a better title (or get one of his friends—the subs.—to provide one) and forcibly to restrain his publishers from wrappering his book with a photograph indistinguishable from public enemy No. 1!

And so to Fleet Street again; this time with Mr. Beverley Baxter, who tells his own story in STRANGE STREET (Hutchinson. 18s.). It is a good story, and begins (journalists will recognize how good a beginning it is) with a telephone call on a Sunday morning. Great Britain was coming off the gold standard. There was a dramatic interview with Beaverbrook; a more dramatic one with Ramsay MacDonald.

There are early years; Canada; the war ("may hell's flames torture and consume all maniacs, imbeciles, and murderers who ever start another war"), and we find that Mr. Baxter had been pestering Lord Beaverbrook for an interview for three weeks.

"What university did you go to in Canada?"

"The Nordheimer Piano Company."

"Good. But not so good as the Insurance business. You learn more selling insurance, like I did, than selling pianos." But he went on arguing with the noble lord, and got the offer of a job as a leader writer on the *Daily Express*.

Subsequently he became a reporter, but made a better editor, first of the *Sunday Express* and afterwards editor-in-chief of the *Daily Express*. Both papers thrived, and under his direction the daily was the first of its kind to achieve the phenomenal circulation of 2,000,000.

With candour, humour, and a fund of good stories, Mr. Baxter unfolds the inner history of the rise of this newspaper, run, as he keeps on insisting, by "a bunch of amateurs."

Twice he quit. Once, abortively, to William Harrison, whose £77,000 contract he tore up. The second time to become Director of Public Relations with Gaumont-British, where he is now.

In gaining a dynamic editor, the *Express* seems to have lost a fine feature writer (or perhaps, occasionally, they didn't). There is a description of Papyrus's Derby in this book which is one of the best pieces of sustained excitement I have ever read. There is a story of Sir Thomas Beecham taking a walk in the Mall in a fur coat. "The sun became warm. Hailing a taxi-cab he threw his coat inside, uttered the cryptic words 'Follow me.' and continued his walk for a mile through the West End, with the taxi rumbling along behind."

There were Arthur Griffiths, Michael Collins, and Desmond Fitzgerald, whom he discovered having supper in the Café Royal. The Free State formula was being found. A few months later two of them were dead.

"I have witnessed great and terrible things, and have seen the life of humanity change in my span of years as though the earth had become another planet. . . . *I have seen it all and been a part of it all.*" Mr. Baxter calls that his "journalist's boast." The general reader will need no better recommendation than those words. There is stuff in this book more exciting than a hundred "thrillers"; human stories more poignant than a library full of novels. *Strange Street*, indeed, and in strange times. Will the author ever "go back to where he has left his soul?" The answer seems fairly plainly written in his pages.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL P. R. C. GROVES, C.B., C.M.G., whose book, *Our Future in the Air*, (Harrap. 2s. 6d.) constitutes a remarkable review of the potentialities of commercial and military aviation. In the last year of the war the author held the important post of Director of Flying Operations at the Air Ministry

HERBERT PALMER, who in *Mistletoe Child* (J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd. 10s. 6d.), tells the story of his upbringing in a typical Victorian home. The author is one of the most outstanding of our contemporary poets, but it has been only during the past two or three years that his writings have become widely known

FOR YOUR LIBRARY LIST

Short Comments on New Publications

Fiction

LAST DAYS WITH CLEOPATRA, by Jack Lindsay (Nicholson and Watson). Mark Antony and Cleopatra wrangle and repent as a background for the love story of a young slave and the beautiful Daphne. Ancient history novelized and modernized.

FORTUNATE ISLE, by Webb Waldron (Methuen). Good adventure story, exciting enough to be read at one sitting. Faintly reminiscent of Conrad, but that is no drawback.

DARK BORDER, by Norman Giles (Collins). Another kind of history retold, this time the epic of South African colonization. Thorough and well-informed.

THE WISH CHILD, by Ina Seidl (Bodley Head) is an excellent, if rather lengthy, translation from the German of a life story, with the Napoleonic wars for a background. Effective and sympathetic reconstruction of the period.

WEEK-END AT FORTHRIES, by C. E. Lawrence (Murray). Experiment in time, by which the hero meets his relations of a hundred years ago, and is overcome with admiration at their dare-devil exploits.

THE SHADOW BEFORE, by William Rollins, Jr. (Gollancz). Study of American mill life in the modern manner, almost disconcertingly modern at times. Well worth reading, if only for its documentary value.

LAND OF WOMEN, by Katharina von Dombrowski (Putnam). Paraguay in the sixties, under the bloodthirsty and fanatic dictatorship of Lopez. Horrifying but true.

THE CARRETA, by Ben Traven (Chatto and Windus). Passionate propaganda for Mexican peons, but unlike some propaganda this book is written with distinction.

MUNDOS, by Stella Benson (Macmillan). Posthumous and unfinished novel, typical of the author's most brilliant work and only disappointing in its incompleteness.

WE HAVE BEEN WARNED, by Naomi Mitchison (Constable). An historical novel of our own times—and a little beyond them. Imaginative, though not particularly revolutionary.

PENDULUM SWING, by Mary Mitchell (Heinemann). The author of *A Warning to Wantons* writes, as a change, about a plain girl. An interesting theme, but not one over which she chooses to be witty.

PYLON, by William Faulkner (Chatto and Windus). A small travelling "air circus" is discovered and befriended by a hard-drinking reporter. The American vernacular is more difficult than usual, but there is more than a touch of genius about this writer.

General

GREEK SALAD, by Kenneth Matthews (Peter Davies). Charming, delightful, witty, a perfect book for a leisure hour. The author takes a classical education to the Grecian Isles and abandons it in a wealth of happy adventures.

MOSCOW MIRAGE by J. H. Rubin (Geoffrey Bles). The experiences of a Russian-born American business man during the White and Red Terrors. Inside information; thick with adventure.

HALF-A-MILE DOWN by William Beebe (Bodley Head). Three thousand feet below the surface of the sea is the bathysphere, the scene of Dr. Beebe's researches during the past few years. His account of them is fascinating and unexpectedly exciting.

CLIMBING DAYS by Dorothy Pilley (Bell). Mrs. I. A. R. Richards reveals herself to be an experienced mountaineer, having an excellently descriptive pen, and is able to impress, amaze, and delight her stay-at-home readers.

(Continued on p. 422)

The Casual Chic of Tweeds that are Irreproachable in Cut and Design

FOR COUNTRY WEEK-ENDS

Fresh air is not the only thing that makes a week-end in the country so dear to the heart of a woman. The fact that she can go about comfortably clad in tweeds so irreproachable that she never needs to give a thought to them, and wearing low-heeled shoes that are a rest cure in themselves, is an enormous attraction.

Photographed above is a coat and classically tailored suit from Studd and Millington, of 51, Conduit Street, W. That, of course, is sufficient to guarantee that they are perfect in every detail, but perhaps their range of tweeds, Saxonies, and suitings have never been so excellent as they are this spring. Such suits can be made from 7½ guineas, while the checked tweed coat, so generously cut, costs 7 guineas.

Hats that have the correctly casual air that looks so well when one is far from all formality are not too easy to find, for they have to avoid extreme smartness whilst never committing the still more deadly sin of being dull.

One that does these things triumphantly is seen on the left. Loosely woven in a wide straw that is very shiny and as light as a feather, it is made in the loveliest colours and is ornamented with a shaded quill band. Actually this one was in a beautiful clear red, but in any other shade as well it costs only 29s. 6d. at Henry Heath of 105, Oxford Street, W.

Their holiday hats are always a joy and they have a fascinating collection of featherweight straws and felts that no amount of packing can put out of shape.

The PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

PEOPLE who had lost their diaries and thus were unable to verify the month of the year might well be forgiven if they had thought that the present month of May was really October, the Motor Show month. I am not referring to the weather conditions, though these remarks are certainly apt in that respect, but to the launching of four new car models which have been sponsored by Lord Nuffield. First of all, we had two new Wolseleys and then, more recently, two new Morris cars. The former cars consist of the Wolseley Wasp and the Wolseley Hornet. Whilst there is nothing revolutionary in the chassis design of either of these models nor in the appearance of the coachwork, these latest products of the Wolseley factory are the result of very hard thinking on the part of all departments. To me, perhaps, the most important aspects of these new models are the care and the attention which have been given to the comfortable accommodation of the individuals who are destined to drive in them. Even eminent medical advice has been sought, and although I have not actually tried the cars, I feel certain that the result of all the trouble taken is the production of a car which will prove far less fatiguing on a long journey than any other car previously known.

The Americans taught us mass production, and for many years motor manufacturers in this country got all hot and bothered converting their works so as to make them suitable for the employment of mass production methods. Nowadays sensible chassis makers, like Wolseley Motors, are dropping these American ways, and in the case of Wolseleys the cars are being produced by a method which they aptly describe as co-ordinated craftsmanship. Mass production means, in short, machine-made articles in which the skill of the workman is lost. By the methods now in operation at the Wolseley works the individual craftsman is encouraged and is definitely employed in the manufacture of the cars. At the same time modern methods, such as transporter systems, conveyors, and correct planning of operational location are allied to the individual craftsmanship with very beneficial results. The British craftsman is, after all, one of the finest in the world, so that when his skill was not used, as in mass production methods, quite an appreciable amount of the advantage which British goods previously enjoyed in the markets of the world was lost. Now it looks as if we are again to start with an advantage in our favour.

ALL TOO RARE: An unfortunately uncommon sign erected by the R.A.C. 2½ miles from Stone on the Lichfield road. The danger of cattle crossings cannot be too forcibly stressed

The "Wasp" and the "Hornet" are respectively a four-cylinder and six-cylinder job. Their specification is very sound, very complete and modern, without being in any way freakish.

At the luncheon given by Morris Motors Limited to inaugurate the new "Ten-Four" and "Twelve-Four" Morris cars, Lord Nuffield remarked that from now onwards his firm would no longer label a car by the date of its manufacture. In other words in future we shall not officially refer to a 1935 Morris but to a series "one" or a series "two" Morris. This policy is extremely important, for those who have studied the matter have always considered that the Motor Trade made a mistake in labelling its goods according to the year of manufacture. Lord Nuffield made no secret as to the cause of the adoption of this new policy, for he stated frankly that the demand for Morris cars had been so unexpectedly large that they had run out of these particular models at this early period of the year. No doubt it is very little more expensive to start on the production, which of course, runs into tens of thousands, of a new car than it is to lay down and make all the preparations for tens of thousands of the model that has become exhausted. It may happen in the future that a Morris car may only be sold over a period of six months if the demand is several times greater than was expected, or it may be that the same car is purchasable new through the usual channels over a period of years, if the demand falls off.

This policy is, of course, not new, for it has been followed for a very long time, if not from the beginning, by the well-known firm of Rolls-Royce Limited. If other firms follow suit it is quite conceivable that those members of the Motor Trade, and their number is not inconsiderable, who have advocated for years that the annual Motor Exhibition is not in the best interests of the Trade, may find that their opinions will be shared by so many that before long Olympia will not see a Motor Show except in every two or three years.

DANGEROUS CORNER! The Ministry of Transport and the Denbighshire County Council have just completed the work of widening the steep bend in the famous Horse Shoe Pass, Llangollen. The curve has also been sustained by a strong embankment

The two new Morris cars, and for the sake of convenience I will refer to them as one, as they really are the same except that the "Twelve-Four" has a larger engine than the "Ten-Four," are the nicest looking cars that have ever come out of the Oxford factory. They are not ultra-modern but are sensibly up-to-date. There is a sloping radiator and the sweep of the windscreen upwards meets the attractive curve of the roof line. The rear panelling, in which the spare wheel cover is fitted flush, is not too stream-lined, but blends nicely with the other curves of the coachwork.

Although I have not driven in one of these new Morrises, I have sat in them, and I can assert that all the seats are comfortable. For the first time a car of this price, namely, under £200, has been produced with permanently-fitted jacks, the actual type employed being known as the "Smith-Jackall." This system is operated from the interior of the body and raises all four wheels off the ground. The chassis reveals at least two unusual features. First of all the main frame members are of a box section and amidships. The cross member is so extensive that it serves as a portion of the body floor. The instrument panel, mounted separately in the dash, is the most artistic in appearance that I have yet seen on a British car, and I was glad to note that the speedometer dial is unusually large, a feature which will be appreciated in these days of a thirty-mile limit when it is essential to keep one's eye both on the road and on the speedometer.

Not so long ago I gave my experiences in these notes of one of the new 1½-litre Rileys. I have now gone a step further in my Riley education and have driven one of their new 15-h.p. six-cylinder cars, the actual model being known as a Falcon. Until I had tried this car I must confess that good as I have thought six-cylinder Rileys are, I have never considered them quite so fascinating as the 9-h.p. four-cylinder model. This new six-cylinder 15-h.p. job does, however, give its driver that same joy, in a more intensified form, that is usually associated with the four-cylinder 9-h.p. model.

It is always a difficult task for a motoring correspondent to convey to his readers why it is that the Riley cars are so popular. The four-cylinder 9-h.p. car is not what I would term a cheap vehicle, when other cars of even greater horse-power are considered, yet the Rileys sell like hot cakes. They possess an individuality which is really pleasing, but perhaps I can best convey what I want to say by remarking that driving a Riley is good fun and places the minimum of strain on the driver.

This latest model is likewise good fun to drive. It possesses a very silent, smooth, flexible six-cylinder engine which starts up with astounding ease first thing in the morning, and gives off its proper horse-power so quickly that most other engines in similar circumstances would have reached only their coughing stage. This power unit will propel the car at a walking pace on top gear or flash it along at over seventy m.p.h. Between those limits I could discover no unpleasant period. The controls are all nice and certain in action. The brakes were a match for the engine. The car is comfortable, even on rough roads, and yet it is not bouncy. I quite liked the preselector gear-box and the automatic clutch. If I hear that the Riley Motor Company are adding extensions to their factory I shall certainly not be surprised.

Messrs. Rolls-Royce Limited have asked me to assure readers that there is no truth in the rumours that negotiations for a working agreement between the Hawker Aircraft Limited and themselves are taking place. They further state that they have no intention of entering the aircraft manufacturing business.

Apparently there is another rumour floating about in connection with Rolls-Royce, and that is that they are unable to accept orders for motor car chassis for delivery within a reasonable period because the works are so busy with orders for aero engines. Here again the rumour is absolutely without the slightest foundation on fact, for Rolls-Royce are actually manufacturing more motor cars now than they have for many years, and are, as usual, in a position to accept orders for all models.

THE BEAUTY OF MODERN BODYWORK: A specially-designed Hooper sports-enclosed-limousine on a 25-h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis, supplied to Lady Duncombe. The exterior is painted black with special body moulding recesses in grey to match the interior which is trimmed in grey cloth with ebony woodwork. Triplex glass is used throughout

"Wakefield Patent Castrol proved as reliable as an Austin"

H Austin

"10,000 miles in a fortnight under ordinary road conditions, without an engine stop, is an exacting test and one calling for perfect lubrication of all reciprocating parts.

The Austin car which recently successfully completed such a test under R.A.C. observation proved on examination of the engine parts that practically no wear had taken place, and that lubrication had been most efficient and economical throughout the long run; in fact, the Wakefield PATENT Castrol used proved as reliable as an Austin."—*Sir Herbert Austin.*

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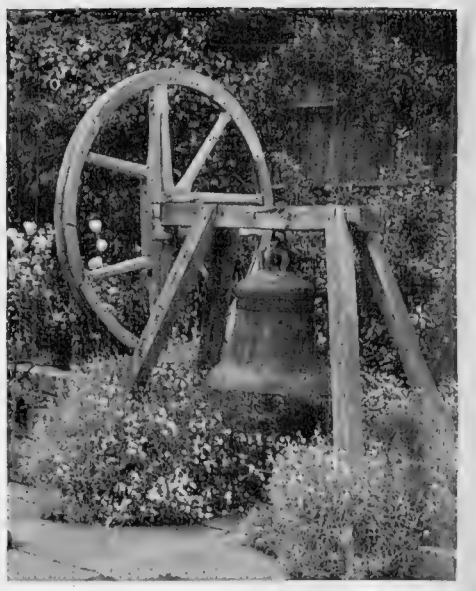
The Memorial Gardens at Stoke Poges

Built on Land Adjoining the Churchyard where Thomas Gray Wrote His Immortal Elegy

SAVED FROM THE HANDS OF THE BUILDER: The Bishop of Buckingham, headed by a procession of members of the choir, returning to Stoke Poges Church last Saturday after dedicating the new memorial gardens which are being laid out on ground preserved from development through the efforts of the Penn-Gray Society



A TREASURED RELIC: The old bell from Stoke Poges Manor House which was for many years the home of the descendants of William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania

THE DEDICATION CEREMONY IN THE GARDENS: *Above and on right*—Two pictures taken when Mr. A. Noel Mobbs, of the Penn-Gray Society, was making his speech. In the centre of the top view is the Bishop of Buckingham

Lovers of Gray's Elegy will hear with enthusiasm the news that the land near Stoke Poges churchyard is to be preserved. How narrowly it escaped being employed for building development was related by Mr. Noel Mobbs in his speech at the dedication ceremony last Saturday. "The contract with the builder," he said, "was very nearly signed for all the land other than four acres held by the Penn-Gray Society. At the last moment a way out of the difficulty was found which enabled the land to be bought and transformed into gardens instead of houses. It will take over five years to complete the whole scheme of the gardens, but some five acres have already been dealt with and there already appear a handsome avenue and broad walk which form the nucleus of a beautiful garden full of rare and valuable plants. A few weeks ago some 30,000 daffodils dotted the slopes, but these are now over and the rhododendrons are just coming into bloom. At the back of the avenue, and hidden away in corners, are small gardens which can be bought in freehold title and used as little private memorial gardens, surrounded by bushes, planted annually with flowers and containing, perhaps, seats, sundials, or other garden ornaments, upon which may be inscribed memorials to those who have passed on."

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St. Paul's and the Great Plague

The Experiences of the Clergy Recorded in Letters of the Year 1665

Great interest was evinced in THE SPHERE'S article on St. Paul's Cathedral in the second Jubilee Number, an issue which, it is a pleasure to record, met with an enthusiastic reception at the hands of our regular readers and a large body of special purchasers. The period dealt with in the article extended from the last years of the old Norman structure under the Restoration, through the intervening centuries to the present day, but there was not sufficient space at our disposal for the treatment of one intensely interesting facet of the cathedral's history, namely, the experiences of its clergy and tenants during the Great Plague of 1665. A series of letters given by Dr. Watson Nicholson in his volume in support of Defoe's *Journal of the Plague*, published not long ago in Boston, U.S.A., makes good that omission and provides a most illuminating insight into the horrors of the period.

* * *

Dr. Peter Barwick to the Dean.

Mr. Dean Lond. Aug 3. 1665.

We haue noe neighbours left in ye court (off Ave Marie Lane) besides a Goldsmith of my own trade, but Mr. Fleetham locks up ye Avennues every night. We haue several houses infected in the Parish, and one of yor own out of which Mrs gallson and one other are dead but God be thanked there is noe fresh house infected within ye Parish these 10 days that I know of.

Sr. yor humble servant PE: BARWICK.

* * *

Rev. Stephen Bing to Same.

. . . . . Aug 3. 1665

Its sd that my L. Bp of London hath sent to those Pastors that haue quitted their flocks by reason of these times yt if they returne not speedily others will be pu into their places.

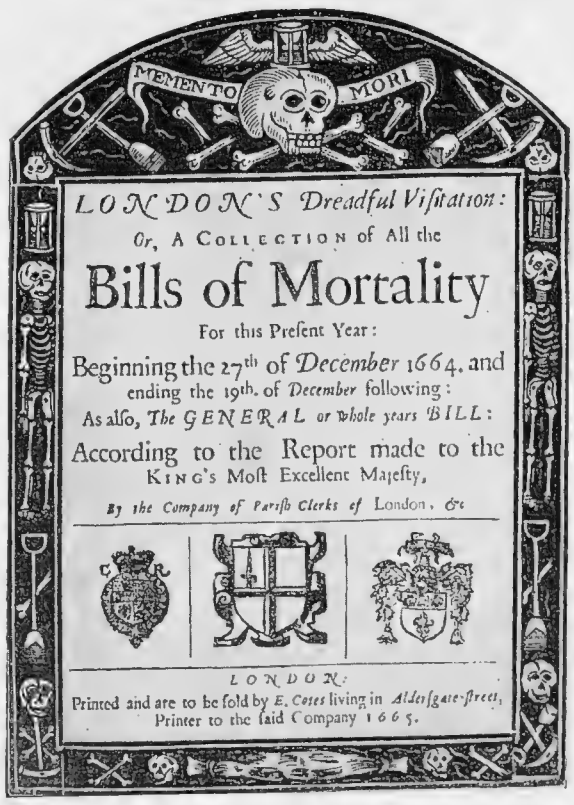
* * *

Same to Same.

Reverend and right Worll: Aug. 7. 1665.

God hath been pleased now to encompas us with his pestelentiall hand, in 3 places in Carter Lane, in Sermon Lane wch is next my house, at ye lane at ye end of Knightriders street wch leadeth up to yor Cort in the Buildings where ye Bp of London's howse was & in an Alley in Paternoster row & on the back-side in ye Shambles with severall besides in Christ Church parish in St Bennets Pauls Wharfe where its said died 3 last night and 5 was buryed then out of St. Gregories in ye Wardrop: yet nevertheless under ye shadow of ye Almighty shall be my refuge until this calamity be overpast . . .

STEPHEN BING.



"LONDON'S DREADFUL VISITATION": The title page to the *Bills of Mortality* which were published in December 1665, and gave details of all those who had died as a result of the Great Plague during the previous twelve months

J. Tillison to the Same

Reverend Sr. August ye 15th 1665.

J hope yu will not take my simple well meaning amiss nor take it ill if J put yu in minde of our own Pish where there is all this tyme 16 or 17 houses vissitted, a great many of them poore & in want, and yt some of ye Pishoners as J am informed (J beg yor pardon for my good will) doe alittle grumble yt you left nothing for ye poore when yu went away. I Pceive since this, yt mr Bing had ye disposing of some of yor charity and J do not doubt but yt he will give yu an account of yt. nor do J think it is yor will yt any Ptiallity should be vsed in this case. it is very Pobable yt some neighbouring Pishes may stand in need, but J am sure yt ye miserable condicon of St. Giles'es Criplegate which is one of yor peculiars, is more to be pittied than any Pish in or about London where all have liberty least the sick and poore should be famished within dores the Pish not being able to relieue their necessities. J had, not long since, such a sume as yors to distribute, but where J knew not ye necessity of ye poore J pd a sume to ye Churchwardens and they to ye overseers of ye poore soe yt J had an account brought to how many Psons in each Pish it was distributed. I was lately att fiulham and my Ld (Bishop of London) commanded me to let yu know yt him selfe and family are all in good health. . . . . J am not certain whether J shall remoue from this place or no. . . .

Yor obedient humble Srt. J. TILLISON.

* * *

Same to same

..... London August ye 23th 1665

Dr. Barwick pretended yesterday yt he had not soe much money of his owne to disburse presently, but att ye last (though alittle scrupled at first) he was willing to let me take 40li out of ye Comonstock and yt we intended to doe this morninge, but god almighty had ordered it otherwise, by strikeinge Dr. Barwick with so desparate sicknesse yt it was not fitt for me to goe to him, nor he in Condicon to be reminded of any such thinge.....

Yor Tennt ffleetham dyed this afternoon. Kendrick ye Bellringer has languished since last Sonday we have some hopes this eveninge yt he may recover. Johnson, yor Bayliff was buried last night.

Yor faithfull Svt. Jo: TILLISON.

* * *

Same to Same

Reuend Sr October ye 12th, 1665.

J am afrayd yu will have a very slender account of yor Tennts this Quarter. ffleetham, swinston & his wife, Gulstone & his wife, & halfe a dozen masters of familyes are dead: wth many more in other familyes. . . .

Yor most obedient faithfull sert

Jo. TILLISON.

The ffleetham's maid, who was the first to be taken ill, appears to have recovered and escaped the deadly hand of the plague.

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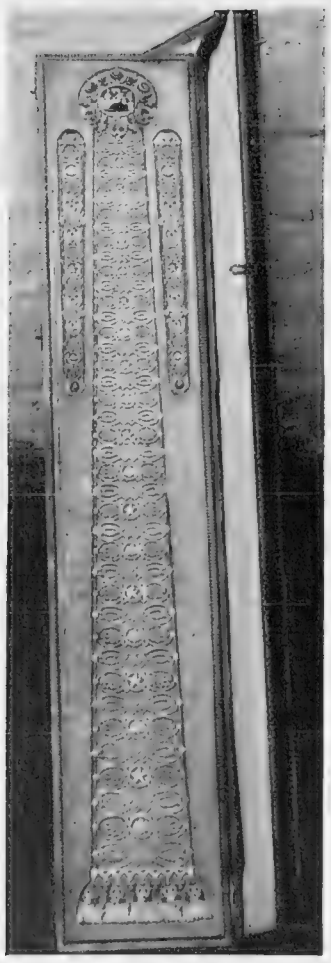


A GIFT FROM NAPOLEON: The beautiful ceinture made for Marie Louise by N. E. Nitot et Fils of Paris

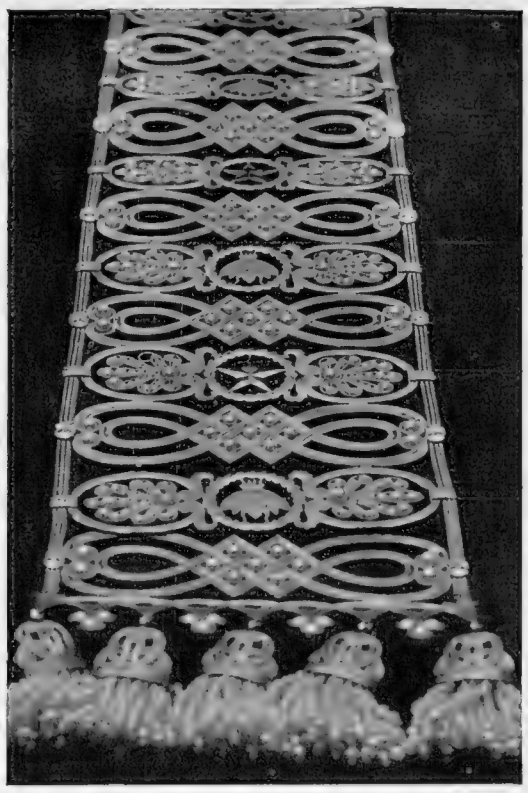
The Girdle of an Empress

An Historic Ornament for Sale

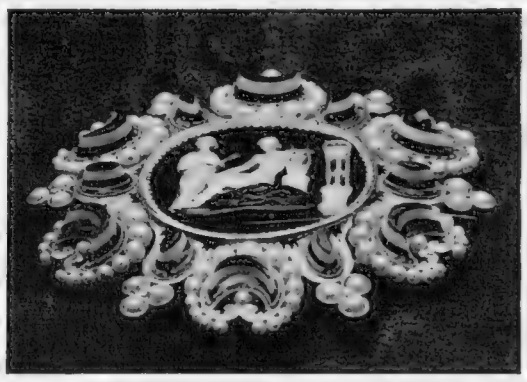
The three pictures shown here give an excellent idea of the superb craftsmanship that must have gone to the making of this gold ceinture which Napoleon presented to his bride, the Empress Marie Louise and which, as the property of Colonel Sir Neville Chamberlain, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., was offered for sale at Christie's on Tuesday of this week.

The ceinture is composed of plaques of gold delicately pierced, and chased with bees, stars, and classical honeysuckle ornaments set with numerous pearls. It is suspended from an oval gold buckle set with pearls, crescents, and lozenge-shaped ornaments of vari-coloured onyx, and it is mounted in the centre with an antique cameo.

It appears that this girdle was bequeathed by Marie Louise to the then Countess of Westmorland, wife of the eleventh Earl, who lived with the Empress at Parma and Florence. From the Countess it descended to her second daughter, Lady Rose Weigall.



A MASTERPIECE OF THE JEWELLER'S ART: A detail of the ceinture of Marie Louise showing the bee ornaments—Napoleon's private badge



On right—THE CENTRAL ADORNMENT: The antique cameo representing Apollo with his mother, Leto, after he had slain the monster serpent near Delphi

A FABERGE EASTER EGG ORNAMENT, carried out in gold and surmounted with diamond-framed miniatures of the Tsar Nicholas II and two of his children, which will be on view at the exhibition of Russian art which is to be opened by the Duchess of Kent at No. 1 Belgrave Square on Tuesday, June 4

To Aid Westminster Hospital

THE old Westminster Market which was initiated by the Ladies' Association of Westminster Hospital to raise funds for the rebuilding of the hospital on the newly-acquired site, is to take place in Dean's Yard, Westminster. It is to be open from June 25 to June 29, and is to be a reproduction of the market which existed in the early eighteenth century, and was a famous and picturesque feature of London life. The market will be a covered quadrangle of arches, the shops being arranged between the pillars, and everyone assisting will wear the costumes of the period, mainly suggested by Hogarth's pictures. In THE SPHERE of June 22 a picture will appear showing how the market is being reconstructed.

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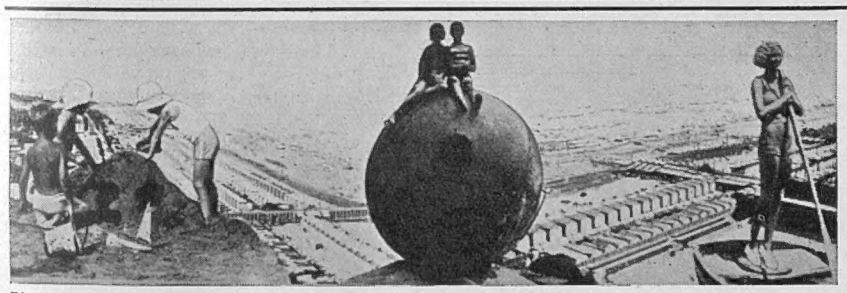

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IN A WORLD OF GLARING SUNLIGHT AND DEEP SHADOW: An example of the art of Elna Bendixsen whose modernistic studies of tropical life will be on view at an exhibition at Walker's Galleries from June 13 to June 26. Her works were inspired by a honeymoon visit to Siam

FOR YOUR LIBRARY LIST

(Continued from p. 412)

JAMES MAXTON, by Gilbert McAllister (Murray). The biography of one of the most vivid and picturesque Parliamentary personalities of our time. Written by a fellow socialist; not too biased.

PERFUME FROM PROVENCE, by Lady Fortescue (Blackwood). Delightful and witty account of house building and home-making in the south of France.

THE WINTER GARDEN, by John Galsworthy (Duckworth). Four little plays, two of them only fragments. The first, written about 1908, was among Galsworthy's earliest work.

HINDENBURG, by Emil Ludwig (Heinemann). Lively and embittered biography of Germany's Grand Old Man.

WHITE MAN'S COUNTRY, by Elspeth Huxley (Macmillan). Exhaustive study of Kenya and its progress under Lord Delamere. Well-informed and authoritative.

TEN THOUSAND PUBLIC ENEMIES, by Courtney Ryley Cooper (Lovat Dickson). Frank but colourful propaganda for the American equivalent of our C.I.D. Gangsters and racketeers de-bunked.

BETWEEN THE OXUS AND THE INDUS, by Colonel R. C. F. Schomberg (Hopkinson). Travel book by an expert, for arm-chair adventurers. Written with humour, which is only one of its merits.

THE PRICE OF PLEASURE, by Charles Graves (Nicholson and Watson). A walloping big book; the inside story of everything around us. Exciting as an encyclopædia; full of good gossip; better stories.

SALVOS OF SILVER

(Continued from p. 394)

It may be that silver is the key to the riddle of restoring the world's buying power. Some bankers and economists, and many captains of commerce and industry, are convinced that silver is part of the general problem which the world must solve if civilisation is to survive. Even American economists and "sound-money" men, who are appalled by the inflation prospects they glimpse behind the silver racket, admit faith in international bimetallism. Their argument is that in years to come gold probably will be inadequate as a world standard. International bimetallism, adopted by the leading nations, may easily be the solution of the world's monetary problems for the rest of the century. "Even now," observes one American protestor against the present Roosevelt policy, "monetary stability might be achieved and the depression eased by an immediate agreement among the five leading Powers to adopt international bimetallism at a rational ratio." But between international co-operation and one-nation action dictated by opportunist politics the gulf is wide.

PAPERING THE HOUSE

(Continued from p. 400)

the price of one. The firm which has organised this system charges so much a week for postage stamps and ticket printing, together with 10 per cent. of the amount of the purchase money of such tickets. I am told that there are 30,000 or 40,000 people who go to the theatre in this way, and it is true that *The Dominant Sex* was saved by this system, while *Ten Minute Alibi* was enabled to run for a long time on cut rate when it had moved to the Phœnix Theatre from the Haymarket.

In America the cut-rate system has been carried on successfully for years at Leblang's office in New York; but over here experienced theatrical managers believe that it is ultimately bad for the theatre, as the prospect of getting these cut-rate privilege tickets keeps many patrons away until the said cut rate sets in. Certainly if this system becomes universal, theatre rents, salaries, and everything else will have to drop appreciably. So even deadheads have their uses as decoy ducks.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

In a message to children on Jubilee Day H.M. the King said: "I ask you to remember that in days to come you will be the citizens of a Great Empire." The Society have under their care 1,100 poor boys and girls, and these children are being trained to become good and useful citizens of the Empire, and the Society make an urgent appeal for funds to assist them in their great work. We would remind readers of the words spoken by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, President of the Society: "I do commend this Institution to the Public for their continued assistance, and I would remind them that it is supported by voluntary contributions." All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

HELP FOR THE SMALL TRADER AT THE EXPENSE OF THE BIG STORE: The restaurant at Wertheim's, the Selfridge's of Berlin, which, in common with other restaurants in large German stores, is to be closed by order of the Nazi administration. The reason given for these drastic measures, which are to be enforced gradually, is that the consumption of food in such places deprives the smaller cafés of a portion of their legitimate business and is thus prejudicial to the interests of the less well-to-do classes

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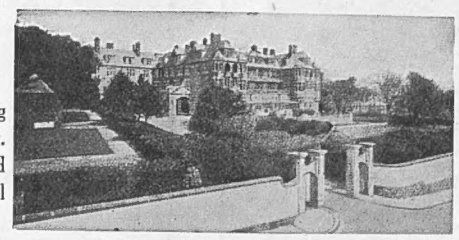

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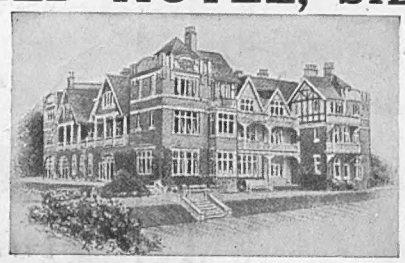

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Where to Go and Where to Stay

Some Hints to Travellers in Answer to Correspondence

D., Lincs. (Devon).—Exeter is a good centre from which to tour Devonshire, and you will find a good service of motor-coach excursions to the various places of interest. There is an eighteen-hole golf course there, and boating and fishing can be had on the River Exe. The town itself is attractive and you should not fail to visit the ancient and beautiful cathedral. You would like the Royal Clarence Hotel, which, situated in the Cathedral Close, has a quiet though central position.

K., London (Sea Voyage).—Two trips which offer extremely good value are those of Fyffes Line to Bermuda and Jamaica. The special Summer round trip to Jamaica costs £50, the voyage taking fourteen days each way, including a five days' stay at the Myrtle Bank Hotel in Kingston, a first-class hotel with a large swimming pool. The round trip to Bermuda costs £49, the voyage taking ten days each way, giving passengers twelve days in Bermuda, the hotel accommodation being included. As you require a long sea voyage, the one to Jamaica is obviously the better of the two, and you will doubtless enjoy a short stay on the island, which is extremely beautiful. You will of course find it very hot there in late June, but on the other hand the hotels and general mode of living are adapted to the needs of a warm climate, and one cannot compare it with a very hot spell in England.

D., London (Harrogate).—Being a well-known spa, Harrogate has an all-the-year-round season, the "high season" being from Whitsuntide to October. It is, however, equally popular as a holiday resort, for it is a good centre for motoring through Yorkshire, the surrounding moors and valleys offer plenty of scope for walking, there are three golf courses and numerous tennis courts, the shops are exceptionally good, entertainments are given in the Winter Gardens, and a military band plays in the lovely Valley Gardens. The Cairn Hydro Hotel would suit your requirements very well.

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

T., Lancs. (Switzerland).—It is not practical to travel from Kandersteg to Agno by road, the best method being by rail from Kandersteg to Domodossola by the Loetschberg line, changing there on to the electric Centovalli line to Bellinzona and changing there again for Lugano, which is only a local bus drive from Agno. The journey, though comparatively short (about 90 miles) is an expensive one, the third-class single fare being £1 16s. 9d. On the return fare you would obtain a 40 or 45 per cent. reduction, thus making the return third-class fare about £2 4s. The rail journey between Kandersteg and Lugano is most interesting, as the route passes through some of the most beautiful scenery in Switzerland. Kandersteg is 3,861 ft. above sea level and therefore enjoys an Alpine climate, with a bracing and exhilarating atmosphere and cool nights, though naturally in August you would find it hot in the sun. Lugano and Agno are about 1,000 ft. up only, and in a very sheltered position, and in August you would find it hot and close there, though there is always a slight breeze from the lake. We would advise you to visit Agno first, as it is always more beneficial to go from a low to a high altitude than vice versa.

N., India (Torquay). — For your particular requirements we recommend the Hydro Hotel, at Daddyhole Plain, which is in a magnificent situation on the edge of the cliffs, and within easy reach of two golf courses.

D., London (Bath). — Bath is the nearest large town to the school you mention. It is well-known as a spa, and has very good hotels, including the Pulteney. The surrounding country is hilly and wooded, and excursions can be made to the coast, Weston-super-Mare being only 33 miles distant.

T., New Zealand (South Africa).—We suggest that you disembark at Durban, proceeding thence to Johannesburg, via Ladysmith and the Drakensberg National Park. A visit to the Kruger National Park can be made from Johannesburg. From the latter town you continue on to Bloemfontein and Port Elizabeth, proceeding thence to Cape Town, via Knysna and the beautiful garden route. From Cape Town you should go north, via Kimberley, Mafeking, and Bulawayo, to Livingstone, making the excursion from there to the Victoria Falls. From Livingstone you can fly to Dodoma in Tanganyika territory, from where you can go by train to Dar-el-Salaam. Excellent big-game shooting can be had in Northern Rhodesia, of which full particulars can be had from the Game Warden of the Game Department of Northern Rhodesia. We would add that the cost of a big-game shooting expedition is very high indeed.

K., Belfast (Sidmouth).—Sidmouth is situated in the centre of Lyme Bay on the south coast of Devonshire; it enjoys an all-the-year-round season. You would like either the Belmont or the Victoria hotels in Sidmouth.

A., York (Church Stretton).—Church Stretton is an excellent centre from which to explore the pretty county of Shropshire, while excursions can also be made to the neighbouring counties of Radnor, Hereford and Worcester. The town is situated in a valley, though 600 feet up, and pleasant walking can be had in the immediate vicinity. *The Hotel* in Church Stretton is well situated.

At the Service of Our Readers

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA.

Badgastein.—"Der Kaiserhof."—(The world's most radio-active thermal Springs.) The hotel of distinction. Comf. ser. Unriv. posn.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Facing sea and bathing. Moderate terms. Near Casino. Golf. Tennis. Tel. Address—Palace, Knocke.

Spa.—Grand Hotel Britannique.—150 rooms with 'phone. 50 baths. Park. Garage. Tennis. R.A.C. From 12s. 6d.

FRANCE.

Paris.—Hotel Castille.—37, rue Cambon (Madeleine-Tuileries).—Ev. comf., priv. gdn., Amer. bar. Rm. fr. Frs. 25. Pens. fr. Frs. 50.

Antibes (A.M.).—Gd. Hotel du Cap.—The world's famous summer resort. All Water Sports. Apply for booklet.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest, adjoining Casino. 200 rooms with bath. Large park. Own 'bus to golf and sea.

Le Touquet (P. de C.).—Golf Hotel.—Facing the famous links. Privilege of daily golf vouchers.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing sea. Opp. swimming pool. 1st-cl. Residential hotel. Same management Hotel des Anglais in forest.

Royat.—Grand Hotel Majestic Palace.—Private park of 10 acres. Tennis Courts. Near Thermal Establishment.

GERMANY.

Berlin.—Hotel Alhambra.—Best quiet position at 68 Kurfürstendamm. Each room private bath, wireless, telephone. From RM. 8.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Atlantic, Lichtentaler Allee.—Op. Cas., absolutely quiet Sth. pos. free fr. dust. Ev. comfort. Full pen. fr. RM.9.

Baden-Baden.—Badhotel Badischer Hof.—First-class Family Hotel facing the Kurpark and Casino. Own bathing establishment.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—Most beautiful position opp. Casino. Modernly renovated, 200 beds. Rooms fr. RM.4, Pension fr. RM.10.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renovated 1935, facing Kurpark, a home from home. Mngr's. wife English, prices mod.

Baden-Baden.—Golf Hotel.—(2 mins. from course, 18 holes). The ideal home for golfers & those who seek recreation. Full bd. fr. RM.9.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large park. Close Casino. Pension terms M.11 upwards. Personal management: H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Quellenhof.—Near Ther. bths., ev. cmft. Full pen. fr. RM. 7.50. Old Baden wineshop "Im süssen Löchel" fded. 1831.

Baden-Baden.—Haus Reichert.—Best position near Kurgarden and Casino. Every comfort. Rooms with breakfast from RM.3.50.

Bad Ems.—State Hotels and Römerbad.—The two leading hotels, same management. All comfort. Pension from RM. 9.50.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM. 9.

Bad Nauheim.—Autors Hotel Prince of Wales.—Fam. Htl. prfd. by English. All mdn. comf. Mod. prices. ex. cuisine. Prop. A. Leuner.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Bristol.—Directly opposite the Baths. Pension arrangements from RM. 9. Manager: P. Bittong.

Bad Nauheim.—The Carlton.—Strictly first-class, old-fashioned, facing park. 20 yards from the baths.

Bad Nauheim.—"Der Kaiserhof."—First-class Hotel. Lge. garden fcg. baths & Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension from RM. 11.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1935.

Bad Nauheim.—Park Hotel.—First-class home comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Bühlerhöhe, Black Forest.—800 m. (2,600 ft.) nr. Baden-Baden. **Kurhaus & Sanatorium.** All cures, diets, rest cures, sports. Pen. fr. M. 11

Cologne.—Hotel Comoedienhof.—Dignified hotel with all comft. Nr. Cathedral. Rooms fr. RM.4, with p.b. fr. RM.8. Man. A. Grieshaber.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Grdn.-Pk. Terraces. Red. rates. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Düsseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—Ldg. htl. Rm. fr. RM. 5, with bath fr. RM. 9. Amer. Bar. Orch. Gar. New Rest. "Breidenbacher Grill."

Frankfurt-am-Main.—Hotel Excelsior.—Left exit of Central Station. 300 beds, from RM. 4.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Garmisch (Bavarian Alps, Sonnenbichl).—Golf Hotel.—Facing the Zugspitze. First-class family hotel. Excellent cuisine.

Heidelberg.—Hotel Europe.—First class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from RM.5.

Heidelberg.—Reichspost-Hotel.—Highly recomd. by German and foreign Gde. Bks. Op. Cent. Stn. Wine & Beer Restnt. Pens. fr. Mk.8.

Heidelberg.—Victoria Hotel.—2 minutes from Station. 175 beds. Adj. Municipal Park. Well-known Family Hotel. Rooms from RM. 4

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most perf. htl-bldng. Select home of Internat. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung. Coun. of Com.

Mannheim.—Palace Hotel Mannheimer Hof.—Latest Creation of European Hotel Technique. Mod. rates. 20 mins. drive fr. Heidelberg.

Munich.—Grand Hotel Continental.—First-class throughout, in quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.—Hotel Grunewald. Opposite Central Station. 300 beds. Every comfort.

Munich.—Park Hotel.—Well known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

Stuttgart.—Hotel Graf Zeppelin.—Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

Stuttgart.—Hotel Viktoria.—Most distinguished world-wide known house. Seasonable terms.

Triberg.—Park Hotel Wehrle. First class. Homelike. Full pension from RM. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medical bath in Hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pen. fr. Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pen. fr. Marks 11.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First-class Hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM.10.

Wiesbaden.—Grand Hotel Kaiserhof.—300 beds. 1st-cl. in quietest position in own large Park. Thermal Water, Swmg.-pool. Carl König.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—Wld.-rend. Finest pos. op. Pk. & Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. best Brit. Soc. Pens. fr. Mks.12.

ITALY.

Baveno (Lago Maggiore).—Hotel Bellevue.—The Leading Hotel. On the lake. Private bathing beach. Tennis. Mod. terms.

Colle Isarco (3,281 feet).—Dolomites.—**Hotel Gudrun.**— Every comfort. Moderate terms.

Rome.—Eden Hotel.—First class. Central and quiet location with splendid view over town and park. Reasonable rates.

SWITZERLAND.

Basle.—Three Kings Hotel (Trois Rois). On the Rhine. The Leading House.

Geneva.—La Residence.—1st-cl. Resid. All comf. Spl. roof-gdn. Tennis. Open-air rest. Marv. view on lake & mntns. Pens. fr. Frs. 10.

Gunten.—Park Hotel.—Full south on lake front. First-class family hotel. Bathing. Tennis. Golf. Pension S. Frs. 13 up.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.0.0.

Lausanne-Palace-Beau-Site.—First-class at reasonable rates. Excellent cuisine. Nicest position. Park. Garage. Priv. Tennis. Golf.

Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—1st-class. Finest situation on lake. Resnble. terms. Private lake baths free for guests. Park. Tennis. Garage.

Lucerne.—Hotel Du Lac.—Rooms from Frs. 6. First class. Pension from Frs. 14.50. Always open.

Lucerne.—The National.—Best location, direct on lake. All sports. Room from Frs. 8, Pension from Frs. 18. Director: A. de Micheli.

Montreux.—Hotel Continental.—On lake. 1st-cl. Up-to-date. An ideal home in a charming posn. Park. Gar. New Rates. (Prop. W. Deig.)

Montreux.—Montreux Palace Hotel.—Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rooms fcg. lake. Mod. comf. Golf, tennis. Lge. pk. Gar. Beach.

Thun.—Hotels Bellevue and Park.—Central position for excursions. Excellent cuisine, pension from Frs. 10.

Zermatt (5,315 ft.).—**The 8 Hotels Seiler.**—1,000 beds. Full pension rate from Frs. 9, 10 and 12.50 upwards.

Zurich-Dolder.—Dolder Grand Hotel, 1,900 ft.—Golf in front of Hotel, wonderful view. Swimming pool. Ideal for after-cures.

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Schloss-Hotel -	100 ,, ,, 11.50 ,,
Eden - - -	80 ,, ,, 11 ,,
des Alpes - -	60 ,, ,, 9 ,,

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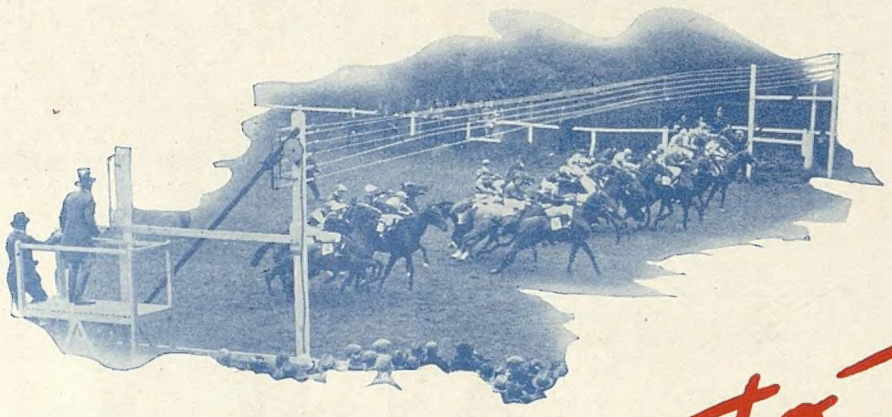

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